

THE
AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1836.

OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF THE MALE CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

ROMEO.

THE name of Romeo can never be separated from that of Juliet, as they, in their lives and their deaths, could not be divided. Yet there is nothing in either of their characters to mark them from the rest of mankind, except the feeling, and the principles and truths, of which they are illustrations. They are not wise, nor witty, nor renowned, nor powerful, nor in any way gifted with those things which attract the gaze of multitudes, and make their possessors to be watched and scanned, and their joys and sorrows to be erected into an importance beyond the joys and sorrows of common humanity. It is merely their fate which claims our attention; the story of eager, confident youth, drinking deeply of happiness, passing from happiness to despair, from despair to death. We are called, not to the study of great and striking peculiarities of individual being; but to contemplate a manifestation of the calamities to which our common nature is subjected. We are summoned to listen to some rich, deep strain of music, commencing in all the joy of life and youth; but into which the jarring notes of sorrow and peril are intruded, until it ends in a solemn dirge over the grave.

The story of Romeo and Juliet is said to be a national tradition in Italy. "It is an *Italian* subject," says a French writer, who had read the play with very acute observation;* meaning, doubtless, that the story not only occurred in that country, but that it is in itself more suitable to the Italian character than it perhaps could be to the genius and spirit of any other people. "Every thing in this play," continues the same writer, "is rapid in the sensations; but one feels all the while that these sensations can never be effaced. It is the force of Nature, and not the levity of the heart, which, under a powerful sky

* Madame de Staël.

hastens the development of the passions." This language is somewhat mystical ; but what the writer means to indicate, is the characteristic rapidity and intensity of the feelings in such a country and climate as that of Italy. These two young persons have hardly seen each other before their mutual passion is as deep, as confident, and as familiar to their own minds, as if it were of months' or years' duration ; a thing that to the slow motions and tardy spirit of the northern character would be almost unnatural. The rapid transition, too, from intense happiness to a state of heroic despair, is another characteristic of that southern feeling, which Shakspeare doubtless meant to indicate and recognise. It is the feeling, which has the energy, the vividness, and intensity of lightning ; but which bears also its fatal and destructive power. If a similar story had occurred in England, in Germany, or in any other northern country, we should have looked to see the ill-fated lovers patiently devising some scheme to extricate themselves from their embarrassments, which should have been dictated by feelings more sober, but perhaps quite as strong. As dangers and difficulties thickened around them, their courage, instead of taking the form of despair, would have sought other inventions and escapes ; and finally, as their fate became inevitable, they would have perished, the one in fighting his way through enemies with his own right arm, and the other by the slow and certain destiny of a broken heart. But Nature, in the diversities which climates, manners, institutions, and letters throughout the world have produced among her children, has moulded the human heart into many shapes without obliterating any where its permanent and common attributes. When the imagination and the feelings start into their full development before the judgment has ripened into maturity, every thing is made to contribute to individual joy or sorrow, and the universe seems only a theatre to the impassioned actors, in which they, and their fate, are the pervading and sole realities. Thus the intensity of their passion and the untoward circumstances of their lot, make these two lovers consecrated beings in their own and each other's eyes. Their happiness is in excess ; they crowd into a few short hours years of ordinary life ; and as soon as they are surrounded by insuperable obstacles on earth, they rise, as if they were subjects of a great destiny, into a lofty and heroic feeling, that expands beyond the gates of Death itself, into a region of uninterrupted bliss.

When the play opens, Romeo is represented as in love with one of the reigning beauties of his native city, at whose hands he has been long suffering the pains to which coquetry subjects its victims. It has come to be a very serious matter with him, for it has undermined his whole character. This is before he has seen Juliet ; and on a superficial view, the circumstance would seem to mar the consistency of the

story and of his character. But it only illustrates still more vividly the power of that deeper and worthier feeling which succeeds this youthful folly. It shows how a character, in no respect remarkable, except for strength of affection and imagination, after wasting what it vainly fancies to be its whole power of feeling in some frivolous passion, may be nursed, by the Promethean touch of a worthier object, into energies and purposes of which it had never dreamed before; how it rises in its anticipating consciousness of a higher destiny, and spurns the weakness that would have dragged it down to earthly frivolity and show. If, by the ancient allegory of the blindness of Love, it is meant to be represented as capricious and inconsistent with all the recognised principles and motives of our nature, the representation is false; for it is always as consistent with a sufficient motive, as any other phenomenon exhibited by the human soul.

There is little to be explained or studied in the mere *character* of Romeo. We see at once how the one reigning feeling gives a hue to every object in nature, every circumstance in life; how the richness of language and imagery, and the many different forms which the same idea is made to take, are the result of that luxurious southern imagination which is here recognised; how a deep intoxication of Life, a glory of expression, and an eloquence which lays under contribution the whole imagery of the world, are to be accounted for. There is little over which to pause, and comment, and reflect. We are hurried on with the same rapidity of feeling as the sufferers themselves, through their short bliss, their perplexities, dangers, and fond despair, until we come suddenly upon the catastrophe which terminates the varied course down which they have rushed, from the joyous scenes of life to the cold damp horrors of the grave. Here we pause, to ask ourselves, why are we made to contemplate these things as the sad termination of young hopes? Why thrust upon us such a painful spectacle? What would it teach us — what does it mean?

"I have considered," says Coleridge, "the disproportion of human passions to their ordinary objects among the strongest evidences of our future destination; and the attempt to illustrate this, the most imperious duty as well as the noblest task of Genius."

The tragedy of Romeo and Juliet is such an illustration. Here are two children of humanity, born, as it would seem, only to glide easily and uninterruptedly through the world, their path all roses, the air around them all perfume. There is nothing to mark them from the many of a frivolous age and a frivolous society, in which they live, until a passion for each other, stronger than the fear of death itself, raises them into fit subjects for the solemn destinies of the Tragic Muse. What is it that enables them to brave peril and to rise above all misfortune? What should, for a moment, induce one human

being to hazard all the ordinary glories and ease of this world, and to go down to the last depths of suffering and wo for the sake of another? Where are the dictates of prudence and self-regard? Where are they, but thrown into the shade and annihilated by that immortality of affection which nothing can wear out. What should induce to such conduct, but the very nature of the human mind, which has made heroism and fidelity and generosity its noblest attributes. If, therefore, without other teachings concerning our nature, we were to follow these children of mortality down to the place of their final rest, could we be persuaded that their story had a consistent meaning if we were to regard this as the end of all things? Is it possible that *they* could have been so deluded, as to meet death as the triumphant liberator from their calamities, and yet find him only their destroyer? Could they be thus cheated into annihilation by an unfounded hope? Nature taught them that they could not.

But these characters are not to be erected into examples; such is not the object of Tragic Poetry. It is true, that they are the victims of self-destruction; the one deliberately, the other in the desperation of the moment, when she discovers that Romeo is dead. It is equally true, that by patiently awaiting the end of their trials, or bearing them, if no end had come, they would be better entitled to moral approbation. So that, in no sense, moral or poetical, are they to be looked upon as examples. But it is to be remembered that we are not called upon to sit in judgment upon the characters of Tragedy for the sake of making them examples or objects of warning. They are exhibited to us in joy or sorrow, in triumph or destruction, virtuous or vicious, under the moral laws which the Creator of man has ordained; and as we look upon the fearful scene, it is our province to learn that knowledge of our nature which the poet would teach us.

There are often involved in Tragic Poetry some of the most common truths in our nature; but which — being clothed in the garb of poetic diction, and surrounded with the solemn pall in which Tragedy sweeps by, and illustrated by the solemn events and consecrated persons with which it deals, — seem to put on a mystery and a meaning that are far away from the truths of actual life, however they may be remotely deduced, by a subtle alchemy, from its experience. Thus we create for the poet a high mysterious world, where we are apt to fancy he is moving “among the stars;” and all the elements of that lofty sphere are, in our imaginations, only refined metaphysical truths, which he has deduced, indeed, from our common nature, but deduced by a refined and subtle process that almost changes the laws of their primitive constitution. No theory can be more unjust, or more untrue to the nature of Poetry itself. There may be metaphysical poets, whose meaning is as far from the broad light of Nature as is the

flushed and glimmering twilight — refracted down through a thousand media — from the full and direct blaze of its parent source. There may be those, too, who never go directly to Nature, to paint her in the strong lineaments of reality ; but prefer a concentrated and reflected scene : as if they would always dwell in a *camera obscura*, without ever going out to look upon the full glory of the world. But true Genius is always practical ; and when it would teach us, it is by great and lofty truths indeed, but not by truths for which we must hunt afar off to obtain the clue. Genius is always practical ; and it may safely be propounded as a rule, that in studying the great masters who have illustrated human nature, we are to apply the truths which exist every where around us in life, and expect to see them fully and directly recognised.

How powerfully Shakspeare has taught one of these common truths, in the story of Romeo and Juliet, hardly needs to be insisted on. There is not a more common phenomenon in life, than the sad result of love heightened to excess by a vigorous imagination, which soon brings in the idea of a kind of consecration to some peculiar fate ; and then rushes beyond the barriers of present difficulty and obstacle without the patience and judgment to remove them by the ordinary means. Thus have deluded beings, bound up in each other by a desperate affection, which owed its strength as much to a heated fancy as to real love, turned away from all else that was fair in life, and from all other duties, and voluntarily sought a common death, in every civilized and probably in every savage land.

But I am aware that Shakspeare did not mean alone to point out the weakness of our nature ; he meant also to illustrate its glory and its strength. He meant to show, that it is capable of a fidelity which nothing can corrupt or intimidate, and that no blows inflicted upon it from without are so terrible as those which it would inflict upon itself, if unfaithful, untrue, ungenerous, and selfish.

THE CAPTIVE.

THE tempest of midnight shriek'd loud through the sky,
Where the black shapes of clouds hurried torrent-like by,
And the moon driving on 'mid those surges of air,
Now was seen, now was lost, in the hurricane there.

But forms in the forest trod silent and fast,
The darkness they sought, and wish'd louder the blast,
For the foe was before, and, though shrouded in night,
Still keen ears and eyes watch'd each sound and each sight.

The hand grasp'd the hatchet — the belt bore the knife,
The tribe's sternest warriors were arm'd for the strife,
For their chief on his war-path had pass'd from the lake,
And, entrapp'd in the ambush, was kept for the stake.

And proud was that chief, though the fagots were pil'd,
And fierce eyes were gleaming, and curses were wild,
Though the knife gash'd still wider wounds bleeding and fresh,
And the red brand of torture hiss'd hot in his flesh.

Did he think of his lodge in the valley that stood ?
Of the lake whose blue eye shone through fringes of wood ?
Of his bride who was weeping with terror and woe ?
No ! he thought but of taunting and mocking his foe.

"How oft have ye trembled and crouch'd like the deer,
At the sweep of my hatchet and dart of my spear,
Give me back but that spear and that hatchet, again
Will the blood of your bravest be sprinkled like rain.

"The scalp of thy father has dried in my smoke,
I seized thy young brother, his death doom I spoke,
And my war-whoop was loud on the trail, when you fled,
And the earth of your village was strew'd with your dead."

Their yells drown'd his song, and the torch was applied,
And a faint curl of flame lit the pile at his side,
But louder the strain wax'd, and fiercer the eye,
As he call'd on their young men to teach them to die.

But hark ! from the forest's tempestuous gloom
Shrill pealing from out the short hush of its boom,
Like the shrieks of starv'd eagles, burst war-whoops, and fast
Whizz'd the thick clouds of arrows like hail on the blast.

With a leap like the panther's, the chieftain has sprung,
From his limbs are the bonds in the red fagots flung,
His blood-dripping hatchet a pathway hath hew'd,
And around him like leaves are his enemies strew'd.

In its purple and gold rose the morn in the east,
And lighted the vulture and wolf to their feast,
And shone on that lake, where in victory's pride,
The chief hail'd his village, his tribe, and his bride.

A. B. S.

Monticello, Sullivan Co. N. Y.

ALLSTON THE PAINTER.

A PHILOSOPHER of the present day, looking at the Race of Man as an Individual, has divided time into three parts, — the era of the infinite, the era of the finite, and the era in which the relations of the infinite and finite are developed.

By the era of the infinite, he means that time during which the soul is absorbed in what is beyond the region of the senses and understanding; when it is only conscious of *being*, and has not discriminated the boundaries of its own being and powers, but all is confounded in one great sea of the incomprehensible. The child must be in this condition of mind, at least until he has learned what portion of being or power is contained within the limits of his own little body. The Race was very much in this condition of mind before it had learned that Nature was to be brought into subjection to the inward spirit, which, kindling in the course of ages, has brought every region and element in some degree into obedience to the will of man.

This era of the infinite had hardly any representation by Art. When Man contemplated only the great and deep unknown, which the felt boundaries of the known intimate to human Reason, what could he *do*? He could only be still and adore. And from this instinctive self-annihilation, which is the first impulse of devotedness, come the characteristic Religions of the East, — unintelligent, unreasoning, slavish obedience, destitute of all moral sentiment, and expressing themselves in the most cruel self-tortures and suicide; and from the same cause came the characteristic governments, — despotisms upheld by priestcraft. Hence also the absolute want of the beautiful arts in Eastern Asia, and the uncarved pyramids of the Elder Egyptians; who, carrying the oriental spirit away from its home, seem to have attempted to supply, by an accumulation — all but artless, — some symbol of the grand and indestructible, to their soft-featured country.

The era of the finite, on the other hand, had its full representation by Art. This era of the history of the race corresponds to that period of youth which is enlivened by the discovery of its own fresh powers, and when nothing seems impossible. It is at this period that man is the image of God, — the Creator. All those inexplicable sympathies which connect the soul with the world without, are fully awake, and inform him that this same world-without is a material on which he is to work. The impulse of the infinite too is upon him,

from that past era through which his soul has come, and this unconsciously swells the tide of feeling, which now takes the form of personal power. So with the Race. Some exciting political circumstances, lost in the remoteness of antiquity or only preserved in the tradition of the war of the Titans with the Olympian Gods who conquered them ; (a tradition which seems to represent a violent re-action of the immortal spirit within men, against a human mal-administration of the divine,) waked up, in the beautiful clime of Greece, a consciousness that some power, for his own well-being, belongs by nature to every man. This consciousness was so new—so delightful to realize—that for a time that favored people thought of no other power than what was within them ; and as this inward power was, in truth, kindred with the power above, mimic creations of all departments came forth at its word, stamped with all the characteristics of the individuals, who were, indeed, by their plastic genius, affiliated with the Almighty.

In this era of Art, the beauty and music scattered through the visible universe, were concentrated in Greece, so as to be within the reach of single minds. The restless activity of human desire, which sends men forth to seek beauty and harmony every where, found a "rapture of repose" in groups in which all that the love of Beauty sought was placed by the artist within the reach of the senses of any seeker. The perfection of a work of this era was measured by the self-repose, the sense of *proper humanity*, which it brought. Man was indeed upon the throne of the world in classic art. The very powers which rule outward things were subject to the Grecian artist. He acknowledged powers over the external world, but none over himself. Phidias chiselled the Thunderer and Minerva after the patterns of Homer ; and Homer's hero, in the hour of his might, disdains the omens of Jupiter. Throwing himself on that sentiment, which has been beautifully defined as "the combined of the social affections," Hector, at the fleet of the Greeks, replies to Polydamas, who warns him to retreat, on account of the eagle Jove sends to Olympus —

"Ye vagrants of the sky ! your wings extend,
Or where the suns arise, or where descend —
Without a sign, his sword the brave man draws,
And knows no omen but his country's cause !

But the era of the finite with its representation in classic art, is fading into the third interminable era. Time and Christianity have opened the relations of the finite to the infinite ; the divine has been humanised, the human more than idealised, it has been seen divine. A spirit far above that Spiritus Mundi which was divided and subdivided into the divinities of Olympus, has become the object of worship ;—

a spirit which broods especially over the progressive mind of man, which opens a fountain to the human race for the everlasting increase of its proper humanity — Is there any representation of this by art ?

Some have presumptuously answered that there is not ; that the era of Sculpture, Painting, aye, even of Poetry, is past. Some look back on the period of the Fine Arts as the flower of Time's age, and believe that the Fountain of Genius, once thought eternal in God, is exhausted. Others think that the Fine Arts were the starry lights of the Night of Time, or at best the dawn of its Day ; and that its day is Locke on the Human Understanding, and Malthus on Political Economy !

But on this great question we must have higher authority. Let us turn to Michael Angelo, whose existence is an answer. The development of the relations between the finite and infinite, does indeed break forth, here and there, in the Allegorical school of the dark ages. It gives a grace, which Praxiteles would have said was "beyond the reach of art," to the still classic forms of Raphael and his school. But the true Messiah of a new era of art was Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. Ascending on the wings of Christian devotion into the highest heaven of Poetry, and carrying thither all the sensibilities of a man, he saw Grandeur and Beauty, not as they may be abstracted from the forms of the magnificent creation around us, but as they exist in the Inspiring Father. With the reverential love, and also the conscious dignity of a son, he communed with them there ; and then returned to Earth, not merely to collect in single groups manifestations already made, but so to arrange forms anew as evermore to suggest something beyond what they express, which the creative imagination must seize ; to project the Spirit into the unfathomed abyss of unformed being, and to impress on man — not that he cannot do any thing, not that he has done every thing, but that he is progressive for ever ; that the human being is going on into that which we have called divine through the mutual love of the divine and human. And the miracles that he wrought in proof of his mission, are yet within the reach of the senses ; works whose execution transcended the mortal life of an individual ; works which — complete in conception, yet — unfinished in execution, are in that very thing an expression of the relation of the Spirit within a man to the frail tabernacle of his mortal life, the infinite to the finite !

It was indifferent to Michael Angelo by what element he expressed himself, so that he could express himself by some means. Was he called to Architecture ? He commenced a monument to the Chief of the Apostles, a mere item of which was throwing into the air the masterpiece and embodiment of the religion of the conquerors of the world ; for the dome of St. Peters is the Coliseum, — the temple of all

the Gods, — which was the masterpiece of the architecture of ancient Rome, and which Michael Angelo is said once to have been looking at, and to have said, "I will hang the Pantheon in the air." The whole structure of this building seemed to call, in a faith which is prophetic, upon coming generations, which were to finish it. Was he called to Sculpture? He takes for his subject the lawgiver of the miraculous dispensation of old; and that dead Christ on the knees of his mother, which has given lasting life to human hope. Was he called to Painting? It was immediately his object to give form and coloring, not only to the whole providence of God, in all recorded time, but to stretch back to God-creating, and forward beyond the Judgment, even to God-rewarding, according to its various deeds, the race of Man.

Lastly, does he leave working with the grosser elements of earth, and take ethereal language? His "thoughts, that voluntary move Harmonious numbers" on the only themes which fully involve the relations of the finite and infinite, breathe all the soul of the North into the music of the South. To him may be applied the words of Wordsworth: —

"He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away — no strife to heal —
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
For all that is most perfect upon earth:
Of all that is most beauteous-imaged there
In happier beauty ——— "

Even Wordsworth's words can but poorly translate the ideas, separated from their inborn music; but the cast of thought may be seen; to Vittoria Colonna he writes —

"Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee,
Glory to that Eternal Peace is paid,
That such divinity to thee imparts,
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts."

And again: —

"No mortal object did these eyes behold,
When first they met the placid light of thine,
And my soul felt her destiny divine,
And hope of Endless Peace in me grew bold;
Heaven-born, the soul a heaven-ward course must hold,
Beyond the visible world she soars to seek
Ideal form, the Universal Mould,
(For what delights the sense is false and weak.)

"The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest
 In that which perishes; nor will he lend
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend.
 'Tis Sense, unbridled Will, and not true Love
 Which kills the soul: Love better what is best,
 Even here below, but more in heaven above."

It was such a spirit as this that alone could lead the art which represents the interminable era. But where is his school? Even such an apostle as Sir Joshua Reynolds has failed to make the school of modern art worthy of its master. But our country affords us an instance of one, on whom it is not irreverent to say the mantle has fallen.

Washington Allston, endowed by nature and education with every advantage, has added to these gifts that which alone can give to any one a place in the poetic school of Art. This is, a holy life, flowing from a deep sensibility to religion, considered as the purifier of the soul; and from a severe and uncompromising self-restraint as to every questionable indulgence, so that with pure eyes and heart he may look on Nature and Man as the expression of the Divine Heart. And this is not merely the declamation of panegyric. The memoirs of his life bear it out; for, indeed, in looking over them we might almost fancy it an ideal biography. At five or six years of age, when, to use the words of another, "less intellectual children are content in their plays to make mud-pies, and form ovens with clay, and clam shells to bake them in;" for, "even at play, they are haunted by the ghosts of cakes, pies, and puddings;" the favorite amusement of the embryo artist, as he has himself acknowledged, was in making little landscapes about the roots of an old tree in the country, such as a cottage built of little sticks, shaded by little trees, composed of small suckers gathered in the woods; or in converting the forked stalks of the wild ferns into little men and women, by winding about them different colored yarns, and then throwing a charm of fancy round them by presenting them with pitchers made of the pomegranate flower; or last, not least, listening to wild and marvellous tales of witches and hags that the slaves of his native state had connected with the wild places of the Carolina woods. "One of my favorite haunts, when a child in Carolina," he writes in a letter to a friend, "was a forest spring where I used to catch minnows, and, I dare say, with all the callousness of a fisherman; at this moment I can see that spring, and the pleasant conjuror Memory has brought again those little creatures before me, — but how unlike to what they were! They seem to me like the spirits of the woods, which a flash from their little diamond eyes lights up afresh in all their gorgeous garniture of leaves and flowers. But where am I going?"—We reply, —where we would most

willingly follow the child of Inspiration ; for it is by such leading alone, that

“Our souls have sight of that Immortal Sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”*

From the *darkly shadowed* brilliancies of a Carolina climate, the young artist was removed, at the early age of seven, to the beautiful State of Rhode Island ; whose ocean-magnificence and gentle inland beauty have nourished the early heart of some of the greatest ornaments of our land ; the portrait painter † who drew the soul on his canvass, and so only reminds the spectator of the mortal vestment ;—the miniature painter, ‡ in whose hands, as Allston has himself said, “the fair become still fairer ;” the poet Dana ; and Channing, the master of English composition, who has sent a new soul into the dry bones of old Theology, doing for the American Church a work of the same nature as his youthful companions have done for their respective arts—the work of spiritualizing all they have touched. Here Allston made painting his recreation from school studies, and afterwards his passionate creations shed light over his college life ; and then he returned to his native State only to turn all his worldly goods into the means of following the vocation to which Heaven had called him. Spared from those early struggles with circumstances which he did not need in order to being rendered pure, docile, unworldly, and reverential to Nature and God, he pursued his education in England and on the Continent in intimate communication with the loftiest men of the age, and in patient, self-forgetting labor, without any discipline of suffering, save that sublime one of Love and Death which brings a man into closer communion with all that is beyond the region of circumstance, and lays him low before nothing less than the throne of God, where it is a privilege to be a pensioner. Of this happy youth, he says in a letter to a friend : — “ With youth, health, the kindest friends, and ever before me buoyant hope, what a time to look back on ! I cannot but think that the life of an artist, whether painter or poet, depends much on a happy youth ; I do not mean as to outward circumstances, but as to his inward being ; in my own case, at least, I feel the dependence ; for I seldom step into the ideal world but I find myself going back to the age of first impressions. The germs of our best thoughts are certainly often to be found there ; sometimes, indeed, (though rarely,) we find them in full flower ; and when so, how beautiful seem to us these flowers, through an atmosphere of thirty years ! ’Tis in this way that poets and painters keep their

* Wordsworth’s Ode on Immortality.

† Stuart.

‡ Malbone.

minds young. How else could an old man make the page on the canvass palpitate with the hopes, and fears, and joys, the impetuous, impassioned emotions of youthful lovers or reckless heroes? There is a period of life when the ocean of time seems to force upon the mind a barrier against itself, forming, as it were, a permanent beach, on which the advancing years successively break, only to be carried back by a returning current to that furthest deep whence they first flowed. Upon this beach the *poetry of life* may be said to have its birth; where the *real* ends and the *ideal* begins."

In another letter he says:—

"Next to my own country, I love England, the land of my ancestors. I should, indeed, be ungrateful if I did not love a country from which I have never received other than kindness; in which, during the late war, I was never made to feel that I was a foreigner. By the English artists, among whom I number some of my most valued friends, I was uniformly treated with openness and liberality. Out of the art, too, I found many fast and generous friends; and here, though I record a compliment to myself, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of repeating the kind words of Lord Egremont a few weeks before I left England:—'I hear you are going to America,' he said; 'I am very sorry for it. Well, if you do not meet with the encouragement you deserve in your own country, we shall all be very glad to see you back again.' This munificent nobleman had done me the honor to introduce himself to me; and is the possessor of one of my best pictures, 'Jacob's Dream.' " Notwithstanding all this, however, he writes, farther on—"A home-sickness which (in spite of some of the best and kindest friends, and every encouragement that I could wish as an artist,) I could not overcome, brought me back to my own country in 1818. We made Boston harbor on a clear evening in October. It was an evening to remember! The wind fell and left our ship almost stationary on a long low swell, as smooth as glass, and undulating under one of our gorgeous autumnal skies like a prairie of amber. The moon looked down upon us like a living thing, as if to bid us welcome. I had returned to a mighty empire; I was on the very waters which the gallant Constitution had first broken—whose building I saw when at college, and whose 'slaughter-breaking brass,' to use a quotation from worthy Cotton Mather's *Magnalia*, *but now* 'grew hot, and spoke *her name* among the nations!' This patriotic feeling is not a strange thing for which any credit is claimed; it would have been discreditable to have been without it."

"The American Titian," as the Italian artists call Allston, therefore returned from the galleries of foreign art, to commune, in his native home, with Nature and himself, and in the true spirit of Michael Angelo. And here, in the retreat which he has chosen, if some

untoward circumstances have intruded, boldly attempting to obscure the orb of his glory as it throws its crestering rays over his country, they receive the answer which the clouds receive from the setting sun. Every one of them is but a new prism to separate and make individually visible to grosser eyes the elements of his light. The genius which, in its morning, called down Uriel from his palace of Light, wrapped in the "Efflux divine,"* and unfolded the heavenly dream-land of Jacob to the eyes of all the world, and waked Peter in his dungeon to look upon the sky-robed angel—is still all glorious when broken by obstruction.

"He who would make a true poet," said Milton, "must be in himself a heroic poem." Allston verifies this sentence. He is tested as a true artist by other means than by those works which, though irradiated with spirit, are wrought from clay. Circumstances find in him no element inconsistent with the effect of the whole. In ill health, and the poverty which is new to him and annoying in proportion both as he loves independence, shrinks from patronage, and is inclined to advert little to outward things; sequestered from social excitement, and keenly industrious every day, he is still the enthusiastic artist, desiring only his art—ardent, self-devoted, the world-forgetting. The fire of his genius burns as calmly, sweetly, brightly as ever; the creations of his pencil come forth more soft, delicate, gentle, and tender than in his youth; his muse grows more musical in voice and more spiritual in fancy; and his conversation, without losing any of the enchantment which his courteous modesty, ethereal gayety, and potent imagination have ever shed over it, grows deeper and sweeter with the holy fervor of the spiritual philosophy, whose first full expression, perhaps, was in the divine Beatrice; but whose last intimation of immortality is in the breathing Rosalia, as she reveries upon

"the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul."

But what is most beautiful, is, that ever-new magnanimity of spirit which is to the moral what the Fine Arts are to aesthetic in man. It is refreshing to look through the "Lives of the Artists," and see how transcendently he is above every species of littleness; how free he is from exaggeration of himself; how truly he is the fosterer of genius; how he always appreciates what is meritorious under whatever shadows; what points of light are his interviews with all the artists in their darkly shadowed career! There is something divinely parental in his influence. Greenough expresses it beautifully:—"Allston," says he, "taught me first how to discriminate—how to think—how to feel.

* This picture won a purse of one hundred and fifty guineas at the British Gallery; and is owned by the Marquis of Stafford, who gave for it six hundred guineas.

Before I knew him, I felt strongly but blindly as it were; and if I should never pass mediocrity, I should attribute it to my absence from him. So adapted did he seem to kindle and enlighten me, making me no longer myself, but, as it were, an emanation of his own soul."

The short-sighted or one-eyed public sometimes complain because a picture, on which our great artist has been known to have been employed at intervals for several years, is not yet extant. And as far as the artist sympathises in the desire of its being speedily finished, it is, indeed, desirable that it should be, and we should be glad for any effectual aid thereto. But we wish the public would learn from the patient fault of the artist himself, to be quiet about a delay which is inevitable, and which he is bringing to the speediest termination by means all in keeping with himself and most happy for others; for, to free himself from the temporary embarrassments which have interrupted his great work, he is painting smaller pictures. It is to this very obstruction of circumstances, which has checked his genius as it was hastening to a wide sea which might reflect the cope of heaven, that we owe a completely new class of pictures; which may be compared (to pursue the figure) to many little lakes, into which an opposing rock breaks for a time a broad stream, each of which is the treasure of the small cottage that is built on its banks. The large picture is intended for a public institution. We rejoice in it; and shall rejoice if always, hereafter, our greatest artist shall be employed by the nation on works so great that they can be owned by no proprietor less than the nation. But, in the meantime, his own great spirit, which may be saddened by clouds indeed, but is too deep to be vexed and complain like shallow waters, bears up ours; and we cannot even avoid rejoicing that his beautiful genius has thus been turned, for a time, to *make sunshine* in so many *shady places* of private life. We rejoice to think that the sweet Valentine is teaching the young girls of this artificial age that true beauty resides in

" the countenance where meet
Sweet records—promises as sweet,"

and nothing more; and that true love has an ideal beauty, even when gently fanned into flame, in

" A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;

and more especially that young beings may open their eyes upon the divine Beatrice, and even live in her presence; who, even from the canvass, may descend with power into the wandering wood, where is lost at midday, the youth, who, still true to his earliest love, may be led to the highest heaven by so fair a form.*

* See the first Canto of *Il Inferno*.

The three ideal portraits to which we have referred belong to a new class of pictures. Unlike the single figures of any other artist, they are not created merely to be looked at and so remind us of ideal beauty ; but to be communed with as living beings whom we may love, and who love us ; and who bid us rise, with them, into the heaven of poetry, in which their Creator dwells and they with him. A father of a family could hardly give to his daughters a refining and elevating influence to compare with that of one of this class of pictures. But this remark need not be confined strictly to these portraits. They will equally apply to his other cabinet pictures : to Jessica and Lorenzo, Ursula, Inez, the Troubadour, the Evening Hymn ; and also to his landscapes. That scene in the Alps,* which embodies all the music of morning, and seems to be a reproduction of what he felt at lake Maggiore, when, to use his own words, "The giant Alps seemed literally to rise from their purple beds, and, putting on their crowns of gold, to swell up a hallelujah almost audible ;" the Italian landscape,† which has been finely characterized as "a joyous lyric ;" Evening,‡ a sweet solemn anthem ; "Moonlight,"§ too enduring in its beauty to be likened to a serenade, which still it reminds us of, by its sudden breaking in, as it were, upon the dark of night—like a spirit from another sphere ; and others which we know not how distinctively to characterize—do much to supply Nature's teachings of the country to those who are necessarily bound to the city. Nor can we dismiss this subject of the moral blessings that these cabinet pictures have scattered over our young nation, without one word of Spalatro,|| than which none of them seemed to produce so powerful an impression when first seen, and which displays the terrible, but important truth, that man becomes "the fool of nature" when he dares to break her eternal law of Love.

But our purpose at this time must not be so completely taken captive by our memory of the few of Allston's pictures which we have had the privilege of seeing as to forget itself. We begun with speaking of our Artist as a worthy pupil of Michael Angelo, and from what we have said of both, it will be obvious why we so consider him. There is not the slightest resemblance in their works, yet it is evident that they have the same idea of Art. They both believe it to be the projected Spirit of Man ; not merely or chiefly the experience of his spirit, but its possible future ; and that its true purpose is to raise man above his present self into the heavenly being which he is destined to be. They think, with Coleridge, that

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, — how mean a thing is man !"

* Owned by Col. Laommi Baldwin, Charlestown, Mass.

† Owned by Mr. S. A. Elliot, Boston.

‡ Owned by Mr. Dutton, Boston.

§ Owned by Dr. Bigelow, Boston.

|| Owned by Mr. Ball, Charleston, S. C.

It is Allston's praise, that in this high flight he is not erratic or monstrous. It is not an unhealthy excitement of that single principle in man which binds the finite to the infinite, but the elevation of his whole nature in harmony with that principle, which gives to his imagination its characteristics ; and so there is nothing astray from Nature in his most ideal productions. He often takes the most ordinary nature as the urn from which he intends to overflow us with delight ; and it seems to be a triumph he covets, to show that beauty may radiate from forms which are not according to classic rule, that is, which are deficient in those exact curves and that symmetry, which, in God's works, as we daily see, are not essential to a perfect and full effect.

We shall now have but little room for the *Ethics of Art*, on which subject we intended to be quite elaborate. A few words, however, must be said on this fruitful topic.

The impulse of the Artist's Genius comes from above. It has no date on Earth. But it is undoubted that there is much of this impulse in many who never attain to the highest art ; and why is this ?

Genius needs some outward aid. It must be born into some scenes of beautiful nature. It must be met, cherished, and kept alive at first by the outward appliances of encouragement and sympathy ; at least it must have *air* to breathe, and it must have leisure. Henry Nelson Coleridge has beautifully and truly said — " Genius of any kind, or in any age, is a being of an extremely tender and susceptible nature ; its strength, temper, and dimensions depend much on external accident ; it may be stifled in its birth, enervated in its nonage, or curtailed of its fair proportion by defect of education ; it has no irresistible tendency towards maturity ; it has an indefeasible claim upon immortality. Whether itself shall be consummate, or its creations everlasting, rests upon other causes besides the power of its own physical essence. It is not merely a tree, the fruits of which may be sweet or sour according to the measure of its cultivation ; it is also not unfrequently a flower, which dies or blooms as it is visited with blight, or fostered by dews and gales from heaven." No one can read the Lives of the American artists without feeling the truth of this fine passage press more and more on the heart :—That the germs of genius are not unfrequent, even in our business-like country, who can deny ? But what obstacles has it not generally had to struggle against ! How little does our national treasury contribute to educate these, its diviner children !

These remarks are addressed to those, who, if not endowed with genius themselves, are gifted by Providence with ample means to throw sunshine round the path of young effort, and become possessed of the fruits of others' genius. The wealth of this country has not

yet learned its duty to Art. The aid it has extended to artists has sometimes had the air of a favor which it might withhold, rather than seemed to be — what it is with every liberal mind — the felt exercise of a privilege it could not forego ; for there is no gift of money that can balance what Genius gives in return. The artist, after all, confers the favor ; and the most liberal patron is a petitioner on *his* bounty, who receives the treasure he bestows from no lower source than the Divinity.

But having given a happy childhood and youth to Genius, it must do the rest for itself. By patient industry it must master the details of nature. By many-sided cultivation it must guide, if not enrich, the imagination, whose energy would otherwise destroy its own beauty. And by elevating the tone of his spirit by means of holy and beautiful virtues, by a magnanimity which enjoys the genius of others as much as its own, by an ever-increasing devotion to the nobly conceived Inspirer of all spiritual gifts, and by giving, in a love which casteth out fear, free scope to every endowment of his nature, in a free range through every mansion of his Father's house, — the Artist must himself become the masterpiece, which the Creator of Men had in His idea when he breathed into him a living soul.

TO THE EAST WIND.

Ah ! bring a cloak and bring the coals,
And shut the doors and stop the holes ;
The great Benumber comes once more,
And with him comes his dreaded store
Of coughs, and aches, and spleen ;
Was there no keeping him from shore
By Quarantine ?

Now by numb'd joint and battered lung,
I swear you shall not go unsung ;
I'll find, whilst I am in the vein,
A vent for spleen, revenge for pain —
Have at you in an ode ;
I'll teach you to beset again
A bard's abode.

You've travelled many weary miles,
Since last you left th' Æolian isles,
O'er many a league of shore and sea,
To take so patiently from me
A peevish rhymster's curse ;
But winds and women love to be
Embalmed in verse.

You come not with the whirlwind's blast,
When skies are blackly overcast,
Silent and slow, and cold and strong,
Your sluggish volume rolls along
 Above the shrinking earth ;
The birds prophetic cease their song
 Of spring-time mirth ;

For round are scattered by your breath
The subtle principle of death,
That in your folds of vapor lies ;
The upspringing flower droops and dies,
 And fades the growing green ;
And gloomily the shrouded skies
 Brood o'er the scene.

And the pale watchers turn to weep,
As, spite of all their care, you creep
Into the still and shaded room
Where the consumptive wails his doom,
 With his long struggle weak ;
At thy cold kiss the treacherous bloom
 Fades from his cheek.

The victim to his grave has gone,
Whilst you, your fatal errand done,
With milder malice haste to do
Some deeds of petty mischief too,
 And where you kill not, tease ;
Your course enlivening by a few
 Such freaks as these.

You cut the newly-shaven chin,
And raw and sore you make the skin ;
You bend with chills the stately back,
You make the housewife's brass look black,
 And beauty's nose look blue ;
And pouting lips you cause to crack,
 Oh ! yes you do.

But not to swell an idle song
Shall my complaints His justice wrong,
His wisdom, or His love arraign,
Who, making not one thing in vain,
 Thy place and uses gave ;
He called thee o'er the distant main
 From out thy cave ;

He makes thee o'er her ocean track,
To speed the laden vessel back ;
From her low prow is dashed the foam,
She may not lag, she may not roam
 With such a breeze behind ;
Bravely she boundeth towards the home
 She soon shall find.

APHORISMS ON GOETHE.

The gentle girl, with heart of hope,
 Borrows the neighbour's telescope;
 The merchant eyes the steady vane,
 And rubs his hands at thought of gain,
 And hastens to the pier;
 Ah! ships or lovers on the main
 Make you most dear.

And often, in a day of June,
 After a dry and breezeless noon,
 You lift yourself from off the wave,
 And with its cold, moist freshness lave
 The hot and languid brow;
 You can be kind, I fain would crave
 A favor now.

There's nought but space within my purse,
 And publishers look shy at verse;
 I've burnt my bootjack, robbed the floor,
 To fuel turned my closet door,
 The lumbermen are stern;
 And now, I swear I've nothing more,
 Oh! wind, to burn;

Oh! therefore seek again the seas,
 And yield thee to that summer breeze,
 That from the south doth gently blow;
 Thus will you sooth a poet's wo
 And earn his thankful praise;
 With an *ad libitum* to blow
 In the dog-days.

Boston, April 1.

APHORISMS ON GOETHE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLASER.

1.

HE who has not, by repeated perusal and frequent meditation of Goethe's entire productions, fully familiarized himself with the mind and genius of their author — who has not minutely and appreciatingly studied *all* his works so as to perceive and grasp their several and collective characteristics and peculiarities, is, in my opinion, not competent to form a correct judgment concerning any one of them. At least, such a man's judgment must inevitably be partial and defective.

2.

There is nothing more delightful than to yield oneself up wholly to such a poet as Goethe ; silently, calmly, and passively permitting his genius to operate on our feelings and engross our perceptions. Susceptible minds will readily experience and duly appreciate the exquisite delight attendant on, and consequent to, such submissiveness.

3.

Powerful effects and peculiar results, as regards the German mind and character, are to be expected when Goethe's works come to be, in a more special sense, national property. That is, when they shall be generally diffused and thoroughly familiarized among the people — when their spirit shall have pervaded and imbued the public sentiment, and begin to operate on and through the general mass of mind, after having become intimately amalgamated and assimilated therewith. I know no other poet who can satisfy, in so refreshing and instructive a manner, the poetic feeling and expectation of an educated modern. Our other poets (and they are numerous) have indeed furnished beautiful poetic productions, each excellent and admirable in its class ; but his is the unrivalled and surpassing genius that grasps all the powers of the German muse, uniting them like radii in a common centre.

4.

It seems as though Nature intended to produce in Goethe a poet who, disregarding dogmas and opinions, should, free and untrammelled, contemplate the external world and the various phases of active life from the inmost recesses of his mind and the depths of his genius — casting a new splendor around even the stale and the antiquated. He ever sedulously shunned common-place sentiments, trite expressions, and learning merely rote ; and frequently neglected or rejected a subject when he found that he could not grasp it with assured power and discuss it with spirit and vigor. But when he could so seize and use his selected topic — when he felt within himself the poetic impulse, his progress was rapid and irresistible, and his perceptions were expressed in clear, forcible, and glowing language.

5.

Goethe says of Raphael : " He uniformly did precisely what others wished to do." This remark holds equally true of himself.

6.

Goethe is not a mere author. He constantly refers us to active life and actual experience — even in his more abstruse scientific investigations. He has proclaimed it, times without number, that Nature and Truth alone can be the bases of genuine Science and Poesy. All the other German poets were, in a greater or less degree, learned poets — constantly drawing for illustration and embellishment on their fund of scholastic lore, instead of recurring to the treasures gathered

by personal observation — and they are consequently, more or less, mere authors.

7.

In perusing Shakspeare, who fathomed all the depths of human passion, we are induced to close our eyes and exclude the outer world, that the forms and images which he has "bodied forth" may act the more distinctly and intensively on our minds. But in reading Goethe, we, on the contrary, find ourselves constantly admonished and required to open them more widely to the splendor of the world which he presents to our view, and to the beauty of nature as depicted by him.

8.

In Goethe we enjoy a second, a superior existence. He exhibits the world to us as in a mirror ; and presents a rich, warm, glowing, and breathing representation of external life. All, indeed, mainly depends on the mind of the individual, which must be capable of embracing with lively interest even the most minute objects. He who once enters this enchanted enclosure, and wanders through the grounds over which the sorcerer has thrown his spell, must indeed be callous to impressions from external nature if he can easily tear himself away from the witcheries with which he finds himself surrounded.

9.

Goethe's imagery remains for ever fixed in the mind, for it is genuine and true. The scenes and occurrences of real life perpetually remind us of his representations and descriptions ; and while engaged in reading his works, all that we have observed and experienced is recalled to our recollection. In him we have a standard of life and action — let him be our faithful attendant, our instructor, our friend, our comforter.

10.

I constantly enjoy Goethe's poetical productions, even when not actually engaged in perusing them — because I exist wholly therein. Each of them has left on my mind an impression that can never be effaced. When, after a long lapse of time, I re-peruse one of his works, it appears to me familiar, yet new — because I have meanwhile extended and enlarged the sphere of my experience. But why do they make such an impression ? Because they embody an infinitude of truths.

11.

It is probably not the case with any other poet than Goethe, that his productions are perpetually rendered more clear and comprehensible by an active participation in the business and bustle of life, and the constant exercise and improvement of the mind. In his poetical effusions the original, infantile, simple, and paradisiacal innocence of Poesy, is combined with the most intimate, mature, and circumspect knowledge of the world. As his conceptions and descriptions embrace a perfect range, from the patriarchal ages to modern times, so the pe-

culiar sentiments and modes of thought pertaining to the various periods are correctly mirrored in his works. Compare, for instance, many of his songs and ballads, breathing wholly the innocent naivety of popular poesy, with that production of his later years — the “Wahlverwandschafter.”

12.

For a man accustomed to solitude, and who feels little incentive or impulse to mingle in the bustle of active life, Goethe is the best and most fitting companion. He sets in lively motion all that is sluggish and stagnant in our composition, and, indeed, as regards this effect, operates on us like Nature itself.

13.

It is worthy of remark, that the greater part of Goethe's works sprung into existence and succeeded each other by a kind of necessity, like the productions of nature. Each was so produced at a particular period, that it manifestly could not have been produced at any other. With every effort Goethe could not have written “Werther” at the period of the “Lehrjahre,” and *vice versa*. Each of his works was conceived and produced in a distinct and specific period of his life; and each must be judged of with constant reference to this fact.

BY NOVALIS (HARDENBERG.)

1.

Goethe is altogether a practical poet. His productions are like British fabrics, extremely neat, simple, convenient, and durable. He has done for German literature what Wedgwood did for British arts and manufactures. He possessed naturally, like the English, an economic taste, improved by practical good sense—for the two are compatible, and have, in chemical phrase, a close affinity. His scientific and philosophic studies and essays render it very manifest that it was his ruling disposition rather to *finish* a trifle, by imparting to it the highest polish and perfection whereof it was susceptible, than to project a world or commence an undertaking which, it might easily be foreseen, would never be completed, but must ever remain crude, clumsy, and imperfect — being essentially and intrinsically of a nature forbidding all hope of displaying masterly skill in its treatment.

2.

Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre* is a work essentially prosaic and unspiritual. The romantic is therein sacrificed without scruple, as is also that poetry of nature, the wonderful. The work treats merely of common-place worldly affairs. Nature and mysticism are wholly disregarded and repudiated. It is a poetic story of social and domestic life, in which the wonderful is treated expressly as, and substituted for,

by personal observation — and they are consequently, more or less, mere authors.

7.

In perusing Shakspeare, who fathomed all the depths of human passion, we are induced to close our eyes and exclude the outer world, that the forms and images which he has "bodied forth" may act the more distinctly and intensively on our minds. But in reading Goethe, we, on the contrary, find ourselves constantly admonished and required to open them more widely to the splendor of the world which he presents to our view, and to the beauty of nature as depicted by him.

8.

In Goethe we enjoy a second, a superior existence. He exhibits the world to us as in a mirror; and presents a rich, warm, glowing, and breathing representation of external life. All, indeed, mainly depends on the mind of the individual, which must be capable of embracing with lively interest even the most minute objects. He who once enters this enchanted enclosure, and wanders through the grounds over which the sorcerer has thrown his spell, must indeed be callous to impressions from external nature if he can easily tear himself away from the witcheries with which he finds himself surrounded.

9.

Goethe's imagery remains for ever fixed in the mind, for it is genuine and true. The scenes and occurrences of real life perpetually remind us of his representations and descriptions; and while engaged in reading his works, all that we have observed and experienced is recalled to our recollection. In him we have a standard of life and action — let him be our faithful attendant, our instructor, our friend, our comforter.

10.

I constantly enjoy Goethe's poetical productions, even when not actually engaged in perusing them — because I exist wholly therein. Each of them has left on my mind an impression that can never be effaced. When, after a long lapse of time, I re-peruse one of his works, it appears to me familiar, yet new — because I have meanwhile extended and enlarged the sphere of my experience. But why do they make such an impression? Because they embody an infinitude of truths.

11.

It is probably not the case with any other poet than Goethe, that his productions are perpetually rendered more clear and comprehensible by an active participation in the business and bustle of life, and the constant exercise and improvement of the mind. In his poetical effusions the original, infantile, simple, and paradisiacal innocence of Poesy, is combined with the most intimate, mature, and circumspect knowledge of the world. As his conceptions and descriptions embrace a perfect range, from the patriarchal ages to modern times, so the pe-

culiar sentiments and modes of thought pertaining to the various periods are correctly mirrored in his works. Compare, for instance, many of his songs and ballads, breathing wholly the innocent naivety of popular poesy, with that production of his later years — the “Wahlverwandschafter.”

12.

For a man accustomed to solitude, and who feels little incentive or impulse to mingle in the bustle of active life, Goethe is the best and most fitting companion. He sets in lively motion all that is sluggish and stagnant in our composition, and, indeed, as regards this effect, operates on us like Nature itself.

13.

It is worthy of remark, that the greater part of Goethe's works sprung into existence and succeeded each other by a kind of necessity, like the productions of nature. Each was so produced at a particular period, that it manifestly could not have been produced at any other. With every effort Goethe could not have written “Werther” at the period of the “Lehrjahre,” and *vice versa*. Each of his works was conceived and produced in a distinct and specific period of his life; and each must be judged of with constant reference to this fact.

BY NOVALIS (HARDENBERG.)

1.

Goethe is altogether a practical poet. His productions are like British fabrics, extremely neat, simple, convenient, and durable. He has done for German literature what Wedgwood did for British arts and manufactures. He possessed naturally, like the English, an economic taste, improved by practical good sense—for the two are compatible, and have, in chemical phrase, a close affinity. His scientific and philosophic studies and essays render it very manifest that it was his ruling disposition rather to *finish* a trifle, by imparting to it the highest polish and perfection whereof it was susceptible, than to project a world or commence an undertaking which, it might easily be foreseen, would never be completed, but must ever remain crude, clumsy, and imperfect — being essentially and intrinsically of a nature forbidding all hope of displaying masterly skill in its treatment.

2.

Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre* is a work essentially prosaic and unspiritual. The romantic is therein sacrificed without scruple, as is also that poetry of nature, the wonderful. The work treats merely of common-place worldly affairs. Nature and mysticism are wholly disregarded and repudiated. It is a poetic story of social and domestic life, in which the wonderful is treated expressly as, and substituted for,

poetry and enthusiasm. An atheism of Art constitutes the spirit of the book ; and remarkable, indeed, is the economy wherewith it is made to produce a poetic effect by the employment of materials cheap and essentially prosaic.

3.

Wilhelm Meister is in reality a *Candide* aimed against poetry. The work is in a high degree unpoetical in spirit, however poetic be its execution. After the fervor, the madness, and the wild depicturings in the first moiety of Part Third, the "Confessions" are a relief to the reader. The Abbe's supervision is tedious and ludicrous ; the tower of Lothario's castle is grossly incongruous, and the muses are converted into female comedians, while Poetry supplies the place of Farce. It may be questioned which loses most — nobility, because associated with poetry, or poetry because personated by nobility. The introduction of Shakspeare produces an effect almost tragical. The hero prevents the triumph of the system of economy, and ultimately the economy of nature alone survives.

4.

Singular as it may seem to many, there is, nevertheless, nothing more true than that the manner of treating a subject, the external form imparted, and the melody of style, constitute the chief attraction in reading — the fascination which chains us to this or that particular book. Wilhelm Meister's *Lehrjahre* are a powerful proof of this magic of manner — of this insinuating flattery of smooth, flowing, simple, yet diversified language. He who possesses this art of gracefully discussing and presenting his topics, never fails to charm his reader, to fix his attention, and win his admiration and applause. Even when he relates the most insignificant tale we find ourselves attracted and entertained. This spiritual unity is the true soul of a book, that causes it to appear to us personified as it were, and confers on it an influence powerfully operative on the public mind.

EPIGRAM.

QUINTUS asks, with much surprise,
 Why all his dreams prove false and light.
 What marvel ! since in telling lies
 He spends the day, it were unwise
 To hope to dream the truth at night !

OUR FOREFATHERS:

A SERIES OF POEMS.

BY A YOUNG AMERICAN.

[It seemed to the writer, from some study of and no inconsiderable meditation over, the earlier annals of the republic, that there lay, some distance back, a mine yet unopened, which would reward a skilful toiler with valuable fragments.

It seemed that, from the career — the feelings, the perils, the warfare, the hopes defeated, the hopes accomplished, of the Old Band of Colonial fathers might be drawn not a few sentiments calculated to arouse the national heart, to keep alive a feeling properly reverent of those trials and glories which, in return, should strengthen the hand and cheer up the spirit of our present age.

These are lofty wishes — vainly, perhaps, indulged ! None of our noted poets have hitherto walked this field ; at its remote fountains (I would fain believe) our poetry must nourish its youth ; for the emotions by which their waters were troubled are the most likely, if properly portrayed, to stir the passing generation to a sense of the duty and the goal before it. The Republic will cease to be, when it ceases to remember, to revere, and to imitate the virtues of its founders. The Revolution is to us what the golden age was to Greece and Italy — what chivalry was to England and France ; or rather, to adopt a figure more consonant to the greatness of its character, and more native to the soil, the Revolution is to us — to our sons of song — a mighty wreck, which hath crossed the gulf of Time, and speaks to us of a great world — an unexplored continent beyond. Thither must we carry our inquiring footsteps.

Little does it become me — a nameless adventurer to that New World of fancy — to teach those elder spirits who already occupy the pinnacles of Renown.

But, if I may be permitted to speak, I would say that *their* error has been (where they have erred) not in avoiding national topics of song — mere *names* of subjects which belong to the country — but that they have failed to express, many of them, sentiments which go home to the national spirit.

Some *have*, however, appealed to it, and in a trumpet-tone. Let me name *Marco Bozzaris* as an example beyond praise.

The writer of the series of poems of which the following are the two first, has humbly attempted the task ; failure to him will come heralded with less regret, not because undeserved, but because strongly looked for.]

No. I.

WE CANNOT WAR.

We cannot war ! — the Briton thinks
Our arms were fram'd to toil — not bleed !
He little dreams how scythes are swords
When comes the bloody hour of need.
He little recks the self-same strength,
Which swings in peace the summer blade,
Will mow as broad a swath among
The files where carnage is a trade.

Mark the great oaks ! they sway their leaves
To every breath of noon or night ;
Gentle, as gentlest things of earth —
Sleeping upon their sense of might.
The storm is up ! — they cast their leaves
Like useless summer robes away,
And on the hill-side greenly fixed,
They meet the storm in stern array.

We cannot war ! our cheeks will blanch
Before the fierce breath of the foe : —
When Carnage looks on us her first
To cowards' burial we shall go.
We, who have trod beneath our heel
The forest serpent and her young ;
We, who have grappled with the wolf,
And met the panther as he sprung.

If we *could* be thus base — thus vile,
A solemn train of men would spring
Forth from the sod — the pilgrim sires !
Their manly voices then would ring
Like death-knells ; " Sons — once sons of ours,
We give you to the curse ye seek !
No more look back to us as sires —
But bear the vengeance kings can reek."

But where is Gaul ? her sons can tell
If ours is frozen, coward blood ;
Ask of the Indian ! he can say
If ours are trusty swords and good.
The fort o'erturn'd — the ambushed foe
Mark'd down by his own glancing eyes —
Th' averted brand, which madly blaz'd
A meteor in the midnight skies —

These, and a thousand rays of soul
 Shot from the darkness of our days,
 The firm resolve — the hardy toil —
 The free-born thought (tho' this is praise,)
 Attest the hearts, whose noblest wish
 Is but to dream — to dare — to die
 In breathing, battling, suff'ring for
 The stolen hope of — Liberty !

No. II.

THE FIRST VICTIM.

" THIS fire was some time without effect, but the men venturing in front of the ranks, one of them was killed by a cannon-shot. A subaltern officer acquainted Colonel Prescott, and asked what should be done. " Bury him." " What," said the astonished officer, " without prayers !" A chaplain, who was present, insisted on performing service over this *first victim*, and collected many of the soldiers around him, heedless of peril." — *Sweet's Bunker Hill*.

Blood hath been shed ! Earth treasure up
 The first bright drops that fell !
 To Freedom's forming ranks they speak
 Most eloquently well : —
 To Earth of warfare and of wrong
 A thrilling tale they tell ;
 Omens of that red Deluge which shall flow
 Ebbless for seven dark years upon the foe.

He has gone up to plead on high
 For those who war below ;
 He has gone up to ask Heaven's hand
 To aid them in the blow ;
 To win the swift, Almighty shafts
 To pierce th' invading foe.—
 From that pale corpse's scattered dust shall spring
 An armed host to battle with the king.

He goes to herald on their way
 The thousands yet to fall ;
 He goes to bid grim Death prepare
 For them his noblest pall.
 And from his hasty grave a voice
 In thunder seems to call —
 Buy with your swords the birthright of the free !
 Rouse ! and retain your fathers' liberty !

Hero on hero crowds the path
 Which that first hero trod ;
 They fall — smiting the royal host
 In company with God :
 Tho' from their ranks no armor gleam,
 Nor high-plumed helmet nod,
 The rust upon their guns doth far outvie
 The sheen of all th' opposing chivalry.

" Silence along the many-banded files"
 A solemn voice requires :
 " He shall not sink to Earth as sink the sons
 Of common times and sires ;
 The earliest dead — the foremost light among
 Our lesser Northern fires !"

With all the proper pomp of prayer they laid
 His body in the earth,
 As if they felt that nations yet might ask
 His burial-place or birth.
 Yet who can point it out ? what tongue can tell
 Where lies that mould'ring worth ?
 None knows, in that vast desert of the dead,
 Where sleeps his dust — tho' 'twas the *first* that bled.

ORIENTAL READINGS.

NUMBER TWO.—HAROUN ALRASCHID AND THE BARMECIDES.

PERHAPS there is no work of mere imagination which has been more widely known, or more frequently translated, than the Arabian Nights' Entertainment ; — certainly there has been none more eagerly and generally read by the young of this country than this fascinating collection. In the captivating interest of the stories, the wonderful variety of incident, the strange and beautiful machinery, — in the simplicity and lifeness of the style, and the absence of affected sentimentality and prosy moralizing — resides the charm which rivets the attention of the rude Arab group to the animated *sibharkist*, or storyteller, and chains for hours the American child to the bewitching page. Who of us has not, in his boyhood, perused with thrilling expectation the tale of the noble self-sacrifice of Sheherazade ? — Who has not sailed with the adventurous Sindbad over unknown seas, descended with Aladdin into the enchanted cavern, and wandered, in search of

nightly adventures, through the streets of Bagdad, with the good Al-raschid, his visier, and slave.

None of the characters, perhaps, take so strong hold of our young affections as these last ; and we are never more delighted than when the good Caliph is seized with a fit of melancholy, and the attentive Giafar ventures to recommend a stroll incognito over the imperial city to inquire in person into the observance of the laws, — assured that he cannot proceed far without meeting some strange, odd, unaccountable person, sight, or sound, whereby invariably hangs a tale, and sometimes two or three.

But with other childish things, *the Nights* are at length put away in favor of more manly sources of amusement, — videlicet, fashionable novels. Stories of eastern magicians lose their charm in comparison with histories of western dandies ; Sheherazade hides her diminished head, (happy that the Sultan's curiosity allows her a head to hide,) before the glories of Bulwer ; the wild adventures, the gorgeous descriptions, once so admired, are forgotten altogether, or remembered only to create a smile at our folly in ever giving them credence. This is a great mistake. The Arabian tales are by no means the puerile fictions we imagine. They are valuable, not only as excellent specimens of Oriental literature, but as belonging to the highest class of novels, — the historical. Many of the characters are real and finely drawn. Haroun, liberal, adventurous, irascible, and headstrong, — Zobeide, jealous, obstinate, and imperious, as becomes the mistress of the harem to so wayward and fickle-hearted a prince, — and Giafar, sagacious, courteous, and courtly, as a vizier should be, — all appear, though in bolder relief, as they are described in history. These tales, moreover, contain the most accurate and faithful account we possess of the customs and domestic manners of the Orientals in the middle ages, when nearly all the refinement of the times was to be found among them. This is an especial advantage which this kind of fiction possesses over history ; the latter resembles a map, in which the great divisions, and the most remarkable features of the country, are alone marked, — while the filling up, — the sombre forest, the green fields, the glancing rivulets, the pleasant villages, — are left to be supplied by the imagination of the peruser ; and this office does Fiction perform for History. If any one would acquire a familiar knowledge of what were, and in many cases still are, the most private habits of the secluded people of the East, let him read once more the delight of his boyhood, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments* — the *Waverley* novels of the Orient. Should such a perusal create a desire for a better acquaintance with the night-walking Caliph and his companions, the following brief account, collected from the best Oriental authorities, may not be found uninteresting. I must first premise, that as fiction

in the East has borrowed largely from fact, so history, on the other hand, is indebted to fancy for much of its liveliness and ornament.

In the year of our Lord 792, of the Hegira 172, Haroun Alraschid, fifth of the Abbassides, ascended the throne of the Caliphs. His dominion was more extensive than that of any monarch since the days of the Cæsars. His sway was acknowledged from the banks of the Indus to the sources of the Nile; the luxurious Hindoo, the passionate Circassian, the light-hearted inhabitant of Persia, the brave and simple wanderer of the desert, all acknowledged him as well their temporal as their spiritual master. Bagdad, his usual place of residence, was worthy to be the capital of such an empire. The stern simplicity and contempt for show which marked the first followers of Mahomet, had early given way before the exhaustless streams of wealth which poured in, from every side, on the victorious fanatics. Under the reigns of four Caliphs, the city had risen to a degree of splendor, of which, from the present appearance of most Oriental capitals, we can form no conception. It must be remembered that at this period nearly all the learning and civilization of the age was to be found among the Arabians. The West, with a partial exception in favor of the court of Charlemagne, was shrouded in the worse than Egyptian darkness of superstition; it is to the East that we are to look for the poets, the historians, the philosophers of this era. With a wise and generous policy, the Caliphs of the house of Abbas had early turned their attention to the promotion of science and the arts; and under their auspices, every embellishment that poetry could contrive, or wealth procure, was lavished on their favorite city. At the time when Haroun succeeded to the caliphate, no metropolis of the earth could vie with his own in the number and elegance of its fountains and gardens, and the magnificence of its edifices, both public and private.

Haroun himself was a worthy master of such a dominion. A handsome person, a dignified presence, an affable and engaging address, won him unbounded favor with all ranks of his subjects; his character was a truly Oriental compound of passion and feeling, — warm in friendship, quick in wrath, proud, generous, and often nobly just. This quality, which he evinced less in the latter part of his reign than the beginning, procured him among his people the title of Alraschid, or "*the Just*." A love of secret adventure, and a passion for the excitement of the chase and the revel, were other well-known traits of his character.

In the choice of his ministers he was equally fortunate as in other respects. His first vizier was Yahia, of the house of Barmec, who had been his secretary before his elevation to the throne. It was chiefly to his influence over the former Caliph, Hadi, the brother of Haroun, that the latter owed his peaceable accession to the supreme power;

and with a gratitude seldom to be found among princes, he had acknowledged and rewarded the obligation. The family of the Barmecides was supposed to be descended from the ancient kings of Persia. Under the reign of a former Caliph, a member of it had removed from Balkh to the imperial city, and had soon risen to a high station at court. His posterity were universally distinguished for prudence, for generosity, for a scrupulous love of justice; in short, for all those qualities which win respect and influence among a people like the Orientals. Their opportunities for acquiring wealth were improved with care and success; but only to enable them to be liberal without injustice;—and their court was in splendor not inferior to that of the Caliph himself.

For several years Yahia performed the duties of his office with prudence and rectitude. But the burden of state becoming too heavy for his declining years, he requested leave to retire from active employment, holding still his counsel and assistance at the service of his master. Haroun accepted his resignation, but only to bestow the office immediately on his eldest son, Fadhel, the favorite of his father, whom he much resembled. By this arrangement the direction of affairs still remained in the hands of Yahia.

Giafar, the younger brother of Fadhel, united to the judgment and other good qualities of his family, a love of pleasure and an eagerness for adventure, which rendered him more especially dear to Haroun and his chosen companion in those nightly street-walkings which figure so largely in the "One Thousand and One Nights," and which yet form an inexhaustible theme for Eastern improvisatori. In one of these frolics the Caliph, delighted with some sally of his favorite, declared that he alone was worthy to be a vizier who knew how to increase the pleasure of his sovereign, and accordingly issued his commands that Fadhel should resign to his brother. Giafar remonstrated, but in vain; the Caliph was determined. The message in which Yahia informed his eldest son of the change was characteristic:—"The Commander of the Faithful, whose power may God increase, orders you to take your ring from the right hand, and place it on the left." The answer of Fadhel was noble:—"I obey the order which the Caliph has given with regard to my brother, and I count no favor lost which is bestowed on him."

A family among whose members such sentiments prevailed, could not but prosper. The house of the Barmecides had now arrived at its loftiest pitch of splendor; having the entire control of the government of a great empire, and distinguished as they were for qualities highest in esteem among their countrymen, they possessed a power and a popularity which no private family of the East has ever since attained. Poet and philosopher, dervish and hakeem, united in ex-

tolling the greatness and the generosity of the sons of Barmec, and all paid court to them as the sure avenue to distinction and wealth.

To this prosperity they owed their ruin. A long course of dissipation, and the evils attending the possession of arbitrary power, had produced their full effect on the mind of the Caliph. In the place of that nobleness of heart and generosity which, in better times, had distinguished him, there had succeeded the moroseness and jealousy proper to an Eastern despot. Debauchery had deadened the finer feelings of his nature. The whispers of parasites had become acceptable to his ears, — and the calm words of wisdom and truth, as they fell from the lips of the venerable Yahia and his sons, were no longer welcome. Haroun, the sagacious, the high-minded, the *just*, had become a mean and cruel tyrant. This change, the almost inevitable effect of his situation, must be borne in mind by one who peruses the ill-digested collections of native historians; otherwise he will often be surprised to find the most extravagant eulogies of the Caliph's magnanimity and clemency followed by a deed of detestible treachery and hard-heartedness.

The immediate cause of the ruin which overtook the family of Yahia is not distinctly settled. That which seems most probable among those assigned, and at the same time most consonant with our ideas of the Oriental character, is thus related:

Haroun had a sister many years younger than himself, by name Abasa, the sweetest flower that ever bloomed within the envious walls of a harem. The poets of the East have exhausted their imagery in portraying the graces of her person and mind. In her heart, the spirit of gentleness, which is seldom wanting in woman, was united with all the glow and passion, — the melting languor and lovingness, — which give such an enchantment to every movement and glance of an untutored, unartificial Oriental girl. A warm poetical fancy, delighting in all delicate and beautiful creations, displayed itself in many compositions of no slight merit, of which some are even yet extant. That she should be an especial favorite of her brother is not to be wondered at; and still less that she should love him dearly in return. With her, the monarch of a world might hold the unrestrained communication of thought and feeling from which, with all others, his very greatness seemed to preclude him; and accordingly, many of his happiest hours were passed in her apartment in the sweet converse of affectionate hearts, so seldom the privilege of friendless royalty. Could he at the same time enjoy the company of his dear Giafar, ever gay, witty, and entertaining, without servility, it seemed that he should have attained his utmost felicity; for this was before the tiger in the Caliph's disposition had been fatally aroused. But to allow his sister to be looked upon by a man who was not of her kindred, would have been an out-

rage of forms little short of impiety in the master of an Eastern harem.

At length he discovered a means of removing the difficulty. This was to give his sister in marriage to his vizier, with the singular provision that he should exercise none of the rights of a husband beyond seeing and conversing with his spouse in the presence of the Caliph. That such a condition could have remained long inviolate, was more than the Caliph should have dared to expect. That two such individuals, young, interesting, and united by so strange a tie, should meet daily, should hold converse, should sit on the same musnud, and sing ditties to the same kanoon, and yet not fall in love, would have been something monstrous and unnatural. The eye of the prince could not always be upon them, had he even dreamed of any disobedience to his commands. As it was, opportunities were but too frequent. Giafar forgot the sanctity of his pledged faith in the delirium of passion.

The consequence of their intercourse could not long be concealed. A favorite will never want enemies, nor a court heartless time-servers. The fact was communicated to the Caliph with every circumstance of exaggeration. At another time he might have passed over the indiscretion of the two whom he best loved with a jest or a slight punishment; but at this moment his suspicions were fully aroused with regard to the increasing power and popularity of the house of Barmec. He saw the palace of Yahia crowded with courtiers, artists, and men of science; while he himself, given up to low pleasures, seemed even neglected; and he trembled when he considered that this influence might be turned against himself. The moment in which a monarch begins to entertain fear of a subject decides the fate of one. Had Yahia and his sons been capable of betraying their master, united and powerful as they were, it is by no means impossible that the dynasty of Abbas might have seen a speedy and bloody termination.

Among the acquisitions which his situation had compelled the Caliph to make, the power of dissimulation was the most useful and essential. An Oriental tyrant must possess very much the same qualities as an Asiatic tiger; he must be both cruel and secret. He must be able to steal unperceived upon his victim, and crush him unawares at a single bound. Never were the hapless Barmesides apparently in higher favor than just before their fall. There were, indeed, at times, indications in the countenance and unguarded words of the Caliph that a storm was gathering, which to a suspicious eye were sufficiently apparent. The celebrated physician Bachtischon relates the following incident: — Being one day in the imperial palace, which was situated on the bank of the Tigris over against that of the Barmeci, he observed the Caliph remark with a pleased look the multitude which thronged the courts of his vizier's dwelling. "May God reward Yahia," he

said at length ; " he takes all the burthen of royalty on himself, and leaves me the pleasures." Some time afterwards, Bachtischon was again in the presence of Haroun — but a change had come over the mood of the monarch ; his words were bitter. " Yahia is very good," said he ; " he kindly relieves me of the duties of Caliph, yet generously allows me the name." From that time, in the mind of the physician the doom of the children of Barmec was sealed.

But no presentiment of their coming fate weighed on the minds of the devoted ministers. Secure in the consciousness of their own integrity, they heeded not the tokens of the approaching tempest. At length it came ; and the huge trunk, which had towered in solitary grandeur above the other trees of the forest, and sent its branches out to overshadow and shelter the land, was hurled in fragments to the earth.

The particulars of the overthrow are given by historians with much exactness. Raschid, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca in the year of the Hejira 187, returned to Anbar, and gave himself up to debauchery and crime. Giafar, hearing of his arrival, set out from Bagdad to meet him, amusing himself on his way in hunting and other diversions. Frequently during his route, he received presents and other tokens of affection from his master, agreeably to the well-known policy of despots when about to remove a dangerous subject. Giafar, unsuspecting and careless, hastened to meet his fate. He was received by the Caliph with every mark of favor, and his tent was pitched near the royal pavilion. Evening arrived ; Giafar was sitting in company with the physician Bachtischon and the blind poet Abou Zaccar. His heart was heavy with a feeling of undefined sadness, and he said to the minstrel — " Sing me a song, Abou Zaccar, to chase my melancholy ; for my soul is weary." The poet complied ; but the song which he chose was ill adapted for its purpose ; it was an ode on the shortness and instability of life ; and the *refrain* ran,

" O, fly not from the Simoom's power,
Nor fear the plague's hot breath, —
For who can shun the fated hour,
Or who can flee from death !"

As he sang these lines, Mesroue, the chief eunuch, entered the apartment without announcing his approach, and advanced rudely to the couch of the vizier. There had existed for a long time a secret enmity between the two, — for the eunuch had been among the most active in exciting the suspicions of the Caliph against his minister. Giafar beheld his entrance with surprise, and said coldly — " A visit from Mesroue cannot but be acceptable, even though he choose to come uninvited." " The message which I bear," replied the eunuch,

calmly, "must be my excuse;" and he displayed the fatal firman. The fallen favorite, thunderstruck, prostrated himself at the feet of the eunuch in agony. "Return, I pray you," he said, "to our noble master. It is the wine — it is the wine, which has given this order." But Mesroue was inexorable. "Suffer me, at least," implored the wretched Giafar, "to retire and make my will." "That may be done here," answered Mesroue; "these good men will be sufficient witnesses." Giafar, accordingly, having declared his intentions orally with regard to his will, which is all that is required by the Mohammedan law, was delivered into the hands of the executioner. When the head was brought to the Caliph, he considered it for some moments with marks of emotion; then suddenly turning to his attendants, he exclaimed — "Slaves, think ye I can suffer the murderer of Giafar to live?" This was enough; in an instant the unhappy instrument of the despot's cruelty suffered the fate which his master so richly merited.

The same day on which the death of Giafar took place, beheld his relatives and adherents degraded from their high station, and either exiled or imprisoned. Among those who were doomed to drag out a brief and loathsome existence within the walls of a dungeon, were the aged Yahia and his four remaining children. No one was allowed to lament their downfall or eulogize their virtues. Their name was henceforth to be a forbidden sound within the walls of the imperial city. But the efforts of tyranny to suppress the outbreaks of gratitude were vain; and many a bard chose rather to have the vengeance of the Caliph, than to forget his obligations to the generous and noble hearted Barmecides. Haroun himself, when the first paroxysms of his phrensy had subsided, felt deeply the injustice which he had committed. "It was you," he would say to the trembling sycophants around him when vexed by any ill-success, "it was you who deprived me of my only faithful servant. Beware of your own turn." He did not, however, long survive his favorite. Disease of body and weakness of mind, brought on by a series of excesses, dragged him to his grave within six years after these events took place; and his last moments were embittered by the recollection of the cruelty which had left him friendless in the hands of hollow-hearted parasites.

In the fate of Abasa, the victim of guiltless passion and a brother's injustice, we cannot but be warmly interested; but on this point we can only conjecture, from the doubtful hints of the chroniclers of those times, that she was driven from the palace with her child, and perished in extreme misery. For the pen of a dramatist there could be no more touching theme than the strange and sad destiny of two beings so apparently formed to tread the brightest paths of life. I have said that the princess possessed a poetical genius of no common order. The following fragment, preserved by an Arabian author of some

celebrity, has a mournful sweetness in the original which a translation can but faintly render. It seems to have been written at a time when passion and duty were struggling in the minds of the lovers, and refers to some of the circumstances before mentioned.

" My love I vainly thought to hide
Within my aching breast ;
But fiercer glows the flame that rose,
And will not be repress.

" Yet hear thou not the idle strain, --
Turn, turn those eyes away, --
And death shall shade the wound they made
For ever from the day.

" But if, like mine, thy bosom's fire
Is all too sadly bright,
A brother's hand, a king's command,
Shall quench the glowing light.

" O let me fade in tears away,
As flits the morning dew, --
Nor leave the dart that wounds my heart,
To pierce my Giafar's too."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOOTHSAYING.

FROM THE GERMAN.

ATTRACTED by his honest fame,
One morn to noble Cato came
(Filled with dread and fear) a Roman,
And begg'd him to expound an omen.

" Tell me, Cato !" thus he cried,
" Tell me what may this betide ?
Last night, while I soundly slept,
Rats into my chamber crept ;
And seizing on my sandals, they
Gnaw'd th' entire soles away,
Leaving but the straps. Kind sir,
What from this may I infer ?"

" Fool !" cried Cato, " why dost thou
Scope to silly fears allow ?
Say, doth aught in this appear
Not in the course of nature clear ?

Is it strange that rats should eat
Leather, when debarr'd from *meat*?
— But if the *sandals* had assail'd
The *rats*, and over them prevail'd;
If *these* by *those* had been o'erpower'd,
And all except their tails devour'd,
The fact, made manifest and clear,
Might justify your awful fear;
And be esteem'd a certain omen
Of some most direful evil coming.
— Sole-eating rats, or small or great,
Portend no evil to the State;
But, oh, from sandals grown carnivorous,
Pray each and all, Ye Powers deliver us!"

AN INDIAN TREATY SCENE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER.

GREAT numbers of Indians from every section of the north-western country were assembled to hold a treaty with the United States.

On a large open space, just north of the Fort, was constructed a long and wide temporary shelter, covered with boughs of trees, under which the savages were to assemble to hear the "talk" of the Commissioners of the United States. A long table was placed across the upper end of the bower, at which sat the three Commissioners, their secretary, and several agents and interpreters. Other benches, around the former, were occupied by officers of the army and other visitors. A silver pipe was now produced, holding near half a gill of Kinnickinic, with a long stem ornamented with blue ribbon, the emblem of peace, fixed into it, and each of the whites took two or three whiffs and passed it to the Indians, who all did the same. In companies of six or eight, the O-maw-haws, large muscular savages, who inhabit the country on the Missouri, a thousand miles above St. Louis, were ranged along the west of this bower. Next to them sat the stern and repulsive looking warriors of the Yanc-tons, who inhabit the regions north-west of the Falls of St. Anthony. Then came the Chippeways, who roam through the almost illimitable extent of country lying to the north and east of Prairie du Chien, also the Winnebagoes, the Sacs, the Foxes, the Potawattamies, Menominies, and many others. They

were dressed in their best ; and their fiery eyes shooting through their fantastically colored lids, gave an appearance to them well calculated to startle one so unused to such sights as Juan.

One of the Commissioners then rose and commenced an harangue. "My children," said he, "your great Father, the President, has sent us here to buy from you part of your lands." This the interpreter for each tribe repeated in succession, and as soon as each concluded, they whom he addressed, exclaimed, something in the manner of the audiences in the British House of Commons, "Hear, Hear," by a deep interjectional, guttural sound, that, as well as it can be expressed on paper, was "Howe, Howe." The Commissioner continued, "we are glad that the Great Spirit has allowed us a bright sky and a clear day to meet together." This was explained, and met with the "Howe" that is uttered after every sentence. "The river runs bright, the birds sing in the air, and the face of nature looks smiling ; — these are good signs, they show that our hearts are not foggy, and that our trade will be made in friendship. Your Great Father loves his red children, and wishes to be good to them. They must try to deserve good at his hands ; he has a large quantity of land, and his grounds are governed by old and wise chiefs — his villages are full of braves, who never fear the tomahawk or the scalping knife ; some of them even laugh when they stand before the big guns of their enemies. These braves and warriors your Great Father wishes to use for your protection, and to keep peace among his red children ; so that, instead of war-parties roaming through the country, you may be at rest, smoke your pipes in security, raise your corn in safety, and make up your packs of furs without molestation. If you know what is good for yourselves, you will open your ears to the words of your Great Father, and do as he says. Be careful then, and do not listen to bad birds which are flying about and whispering black lies to you. Your Great Father knows there are many of these, and he wants us to put you on your guard. These birds will eat up your corn, and destroy your families ; they will make you look one way, while they fly the other with your wives, your children, your goods. Mind what I say—I've got only one way of talking—I dont say 'yes' with one side of my mouth and 'no' with the other. My words come out of the middle, and I dont talk crooked." He then went on and finished the speech, by stating the object of purchasing land for which they were assembled.

The eyes of the savages were fastened on the speaker as he proceeded, but when, through their interpreters, they were made acquainted with the offers made for their lands, a gloom overspread their countenances, and their eyes were lowered to the ground. As the speaker discontinued "Car-ree-maun-nee," or "the turtle that walks," started

to his feet, and his eagle eye glanced with a lightning glare into the eyes of each of that vast assemblage ; and then, as if it had learned in that transient look the minds of all, it rested with a startling fierceness on the former speaker. His wild, jet, entangled hair streamed down his back, which was only partly covered by the blanket that hung with a Roman grace over his left shoulder, and which, being gathered round his loins, was held by his left hand, which grasped the folds with excited nervousness. His face was blackened with charcoal, for he was in mourning, — his breast was striped with white clay — on his blanket were the vermilion prints of ten hands, which numbered the scalps he himself had taken ; his foot seemed to spurn the ground on which he stood. The expression of his countenance was of a mixed nature ; it was hard to tell which predominated, the deep melancholy of a bleeding heart or the savage ferocity of an excited soul. His manner, as he spoke, was full of energy ; as he proceeded, he beat his hand upon his breast, which swelled and ebbed like the tumultuous ocean ; and, as the words came raging from his mouth with the impetuosity of the resistless surge, even those who did not understand the deep guttural of his Winnebago tongue, felt roused by a feeling indescribable in its nature. He was the orator of his tribe, and those who have listened to him will never forget his manner.

"The Red man," said he, "is the friend of the white man, the red man listens to the words of his Great Father. The Great Spirit tells the red man that it is right, and when our father sends his long knives amongst us, we treat them well. You have much land — heap of land — but you want more ; I say no. It is a story amongst us, that before our fathers, a long time ago, gave your fathers a little land to put their feet on, they had to live in big canoes, tossed about in the big waters which reach to where the sun goes to sleep. The Great Spirit gave *you* no land, so you begged a little ;" he said this with a sarcastic smile of indignation — "from us — a *very* little land from us ; as soon as you got it, you pushed us off, and off, and off, and soon you would force us into the big waters, and so we would be worse off than you were at first, for the Great Spirit might not give us any of those big canoes you used to live in. No, I say ; and I hope those around me will say the same ; we want our land, and sell it not. You have enough ; what do you want of the graves of our fathers ? They'll do you no good. We wish to keep them. This bosom has been torn lately — a little tree that was planted here has been torn up by the roots, and I have planted it on a mountain top. Do you wish me to sell that spot — to sell the bones of my child ! — a brave boy — sixteen winters had but just passed him, and already was he the owner of two scalps taken by his own hand ; and one of these," he cried, showing the skunk-skin whose bushy tail waved from his ancles and trailed

on the ground as he strode nearer the Commissioners, "was around his knee, for my people had owned him as a brave. Give up our lands, where dry the bones of our fathers — where sleep the bodies of those who led on our war parties — where lie those who have shouted loudest in our scalp dances — who have washed their hands and faces in the blood of our enemies—who have gone out empty and returned loaded with severed limbs of our foes! Give up these lands, so sacred to all we hold dear — do you ask it, and do we listen tamely? The Evil Spirit has taken away our tongues when the white man comes among us, and our tomahawks are too heavy to be lifted when the long knife tells us what he pleases. Sell! — give up! — forsake! — remove from the lands where we first breathed, where we have hunted, lived, and been happy! This is impossible;" and his voice sunk to a tone of deep and impassioned feeling, but, regaining his lofty spirit, he dashed the blanket from his body, and exposed his form naked, except the breech-cloth and a huge turtle which hung by a cord round his neck and completely covered his back. "Look here," he cried, pointing to the cicatrices on his limbs; "these are the marks of wounds gained in defending these lands, and I would rather that each should open again and bleed afresh, than that we should lose the soil in whose defence they were received. I was shot down and stabbed — but I was happy; the land for which I fought was still our own; and when borne from my wigwam to view the dance around the scalps of our enemies, the Great Spirit gave me strength, and I, who a moment before could not stir a limb, leaped from the ground, and, whilst my wounds shed tears of blood, I danced and spit upon the trophies from our foes. Yield that land, the thoughts of which made my very wounds a pleasure! You would not ask me, if you knew how often in very delight I have thrust my fingers into these sores, and, tearing them open, exulted, thinking myself, in my bodily pain, once more facing those who would dispossess us of our fathers' tombs. Say no more — you have enough; we beg a *little* now of you. If you were not so much stronger than we, we would be willing to meet you to fight for them; but we are weak, and would be at peace; leave us what we have, and we will forget that *all* was once ours." He seated himself on the ground, and drawing his blanket over his head, smoked his pipe in silence.

One of the Foxes then rose, and in a flood of eloquence poured forth, in his liquid language, sentiments of the same cast, and ended by a flourish of high, haughty independence, that, say what they will, only the unrestricted rover of the forest can boast. "We are weak, to be sure," said he, "but the dying wolf can snarl if he cannot bite; come then and take our lands — we've got but one life, and when that has gone, there will be no one to prevent you from going where you like.

I am only one of my people. I speak only for myself, and though your soldiers, who hire themselves to our Great Father to be shot, and shoot whoever he tells them to, surround us, let me tell—I hate the white man, and hope to see the day when we will once more smoke our pipes where now stand their big villages, whilst their wigwams are burning around us;” he showed his snow-white teeth whilst he laughed, and bending his body, struck his brawny hand thrice on the ground and cried, “once more will ALL this be ours. Then if the Great Spirit lets any more white men come in their big canoes to ask us for our land, the scalping knife shall be the answer. We’ll fill the cracks of our wigwams with their hair, and the wind shall not make us cold ! You talk of people over the water ! Go, tell such stories to our children who can’t understand, or to our old women who can’t hear. This hand has taken many a life, and is strong enough to take many more. The Great Spirit in a dream has told me I should be buried under a mound of scalps !” As these words were repeated to the different tribes, he seated himself, and regarded with stern silence the Commission, who were somewhat confused by this powerful out-breaking of the warrior chief.

Seeing that little was to be effected in this excited state of mind, the council adjourned till next day, and in the interim, by the distribution of presents, such as blankets, calico, guns, powder, beads, pork, &c., prepared those, whose minds were not made of the “sterner stuff,” to listen with patience, if not yield to a solicitation to barter away their lands. The effect was apparent at the next meeting. One by one the chiefs consented, but those who had spoken the day before maintained a gloomy silence ; and as they sat on the earth, listlessly making marks in the sand or plucking the blades of grass from their roots, they seemed not to be aware of what was going on. A stranger would have thought they took no concern in the transaction, but under this unruffled surface boiled the molten rage of mortified but not crushed spirits.

The treaty was settled on that and the two following days, and a day or two after was assigned for the signing of it. The chiefs and principal men made their marks by just touching the pen, and did it with a thoughtless lightness. Carree-maun-nee was now called. His people had decided against him, and his duty required him to abide by the decision of their council. He rose, but how different was his bearing from that when, a day or two before, he stood there giving vent to his soul, and falsely believed his tribe would unflinchingly support him. The dream was over ! the delusion past ! As he stole, like a bashful girl, to the table, his form and face enveloped closely by his blanket, with maiden timidity he stretched forth his hand and tremblingly touched the pen. The touch was like an electric shock ;

he started — the blanket fell from his head — a choking voice came from his throat — 'twas over ; he gathered his mantle once more about him, and shrunk back to his place as if it was the first time he had known dishonor. As he seated himself, he drew forth his knife, and cut a rude gash in the finger that had dared so to disgrace him as by its touch to yield the burial ground of his ancestors. A flash came over him — he sprang to the ground, dashed aside the blanket and made one stride to the table. "I take back that mark," he yelled in a tone that blanched the cheeks of those who heard it — he paused — "But no ! it is done — my people have said it !" With meekness he recovered himself and stole back to his seat. Every eye was suddenly turned to the next person called, and as they sought again for the last signer they found his place vacant. He had left a scene so fraught with agony to his soul.

The Fox chief, whose bold and warlike speech has been recorded, was now called. His name was "the cloud that leaves a mark on the heavens wherever it has been." As he heard his name called, he was on his feet. No depression gained the mastery of his proud unbending spirit. The fire that shot from his eye on a previous day was there still ; the sarcastic curve of his lips still smiled upon them ; the heavy tread of his foot was unaltered ; indeed, he looked brighter and more cheerful, if any thing, than before. His disappointment, instead of quenching, had added fresh fuel to the flame ; and, as he tripped, self-possessed, to the table, with his blanket trailing behind him, he looked more like a God than a mortal. The tip of the forefinger of his right hand was blackened ; he had put it in mourning for the office it was to perform. He turned his back to the pen, and thrusting his hand behind him, touched it, whilst he cried : "My hand, not my heart, signs it. Our chiefs have got milk, instead of blood, in their veins — by and by, perhaps, they will get well ; much they'll mind the White Man's goose quill and his black paint there. They'll scratch out those marks with the knife, blot out the figures on it with blood, and," gritting his teeth as if he already saw his forebodings fulfilled, "tear the paper in pieces with their tomahawks." As he took his seat, he whispered to a cunning chief who sat beside him, whose name denoted his character, The Snake that bites in the Grass : — "The day will come, the Great Spirit visited me last night, when our people, the Sacs and Foxes at least, will make their marks on the skins of the white men." "Be quiet now," said the Snake, "one of these days we'll present the Great Spirit with a pack made of the skins of the pale faces." The Snake who bites in the Grass was then called. He was dressed in only the customary costume of breechcloth and blanket. Around his neck was the skin of a rattle-snake, half swallowed up by the full length skin of a moccasin snake. The

rattle-snake warns those who approach it of its being there, the moccasin bites without such friendly caution. This arrangement of skins showed the reptile stealthily conquering its more generous enemy. He was a spare man, with a wrinkled face, decayed teeth, and insignificant appearance. He might have weathered some forty years. There was nothing peculiar in his appearance, not even his eye, except you caught it fixed on you. When this was the case, however, how different your opinion of his whole exterior. You thought him remarkable in figure and face, and wondered at the entire alteration. It was the indescribable something in the gaze that met yours which produced this effect. He seemed to search into your soul, and you imagined you felt the fangs of a reptile fastening on your vitals. But he seldom fixed his gaze long; his eyes danced about in his head with a restlessness that showed, though he could study others he did not wish them to study him. As he reached the board, he addressed the assemblage in a few words, speaking first to the Commissioners:—"Fathers," said he, "my heart has been sick a long time—a good many moons have died since I have had a heart that was not too heavy to carry. But since I now see that our Great Father (meaning the President) has sent three of his wisest chiefs to give us good talks, clothing for our people, food for our children, powder and lead to hunt game and bring in heaps of furs—I begin to feel as a new man. I see the dark clouds that made us keep in our wigwams blowing away and the sun shining again. Our Great Father is too good—he wants to make us happy, to teach us to be like his white children and have plenty to eat and drink; and all he asks is, a little land. What is the land to us? Our fathers sleep in it, but our white brethren wont dig them up, they are too good; and if they wanted too, our Great Father would not allow it. We have plenty of land left, and I, who am a great warrior, willingly sign this paper."

He was, indeed, a warrior of note. No medicine bag in his nation held as many scalps as his. He did not go forth with war-parties, but alone; and the scalps of many a man, woman, or child of some other tribe, whom their people thought had perished by cold, water, or beasts of prey, hung in his wigwam. Without noise, without the warning yell, he had taken more than a hundred lives, and so stealthily that the bereaved relatives never could trace their loss to any particular tribe, let alone the individual.

As he signed the paper and took his seat, he muttered in the ear of "the cloud that leaves its mark in the heavens wherever it has been," "I gave them lie for lie, did I not?" and as he carefully exposed to his companion's sight the handle of his knife, he made a chuckling laugh as he added, "May we moisten some day every spot of the soil

we have sold them with their milky blood." The other responded whilst he exhibited the small war-club concealed beneath his blanket, "May the day come when this will be cut up with notches."*

THE DEPARTURE OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

"He shall receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand." *Wisdom of Solomon.*

Thou hast gone to thy final rest,
 Thy goal is early won,
 The church-yard sod is o'er thee prest,
 Thy journeying is done.
 Why shed I tears of bitterness?
 Thou hast left an earthly strife,
 In thy unblemished perfectness,
 To gain a crown of life.

But yesterday, — I pressed thy hand,
 And communed with thee here;
 Now, — with a mournful heart I stand,
 And weep beside thy bier;
 For God in youth's unblighted bloom
 Hath called thee to depart; —
 Thy form is resting in the tomb,
 Thy memory in my heart.

The vine flower and the brier rose
 Will o'er thy grave-sod bloom,
 And in the undisturbed repose
 Breathe out their sweet perfume;
 While flitting birds will fold their wings,
 And warble to the air,
 As if to calm the sorrowings
 Of those who linger there.

I weep: — but not for thee: — press on!
 Thy griefs have found an end;
 Virtue has lost a champion,
 My heart an early friend.
 Thy soul its recompense hath found;
 Its pilgrimage is o'er;
 The church-yard hath an added mound,
 And heaven one spirit more.

R. C. W.

* Some Indians are in the habit of keeping a memorandum of the lives they have taken, by cutting a notch for each on some weapon.

HERMEUS:

OR LETTERS FROM A MODERN GREEK.*

LETTER IV.

I RESUME my pen, my esteemed friend, but it is not to reply to the learned and profound disquisitions in your last letter; that would require a calmness and a serenity of mind, which I, alas! do not now possess. Disdain not my weakness, when I tell you that my unstrung soul is now ill fitted to cope with the mastery of yours. But the assurances of your friendship and affection are sweet as the honey of my own Hymettus to my depressed spirits. They convince me, that in pouring out my feelings, whether of joy or wo, in one noble breast, at least, I shall find interest and sympathy.

My voyage is commenced; my bark moves gracefully over the deep blue waters, marking its course with a silvery streak. Athens, hallowed by so many glorious associations, is fading from my view. But city of the soul, nurse of genius, of all that is redeeming in our natures! how do I leave thee? Years may elapse ere I again behold thee; and during that period how often will thy image rise before me, linked with all the tender and endearing remembrances of youth and happier days. It is these remembrances, connected with the birth of affection for those who watched over, protected, and loved us in our infancy; and in our wayward youth, ere we comprehended love, or could analyze our own emotions; or when, during the fire and impetuosity of dawning manhood, the passions made themselves felt in all their force; and the soul, revelling in its new existence, is moved by joy or wo, loves or hates with all the intensity of its nature;—it is these brilliant moments on which fancy loves to linger, and to which the mind so often and so fondly turns during our after-pilgrimage, that links us with an invisible chain to the spot which witnessed their birth; invests with a halo of loveliness the beings by whom we were then surrounded; and clothes with beauty the landscape, were it even sterile and a wilderness, associated in memory with the awakening of our intellectual existence. This is the source of that passionate yearning after home, the home of our youth, which haunts our after-life; which

* From Alexis Hermeus to Adelheid Eichwald, Professor of Greek at — University. Continued from the January Number.

kindles a glow, even in the breasts of the dull and the apathetic, and tunes the soul of genius to all its finer impulses.

Athens ! thy classic domes, thy groves, the marble columns of thy beautiful fanes, no longer greet my view. My bark bears me on to visit other climes ; I go where the soft inflections of thy harmonious language will not fall upon my ear ; and oh ! more than all, manes of my revered father — of my beloved Euthasie, I cannot now inhale the night breeze wafted above your tombs ; or, believing that your souls sympathized with mine, give vent to the pent up feelings of my breast, at that still hour when the strife and contentions of men are suspended ; when genius seeks to extend the limited confines of science, or, with wing unfettered, guides the poet through the unbounded regions of imagination. When the great Spirit of the Universe holds communing with nature, and traces out the destiny of worlds.

I have passed the day upon deck, watching the changing outlines of rock, and cape, and shore, till the last faint streak of day died in the west. Then the sea, on the placid bosom of which our vessel pressed so lightly, rose indeed a queen, assumed her fiery diadem, and clothed herself in a mantle of phosphoric brightness, that emitted myriads of pure stars, which rivalled in their evanescent splendor those gemming the canopy above.

The evening song of the sailors has ceased, the night-watch is set, and no sound now breaks the stillness but the measured tread of the pilot as he paces the deck, and the gentle ripple of the water as it laves the sides of the vessel.

Onward we go, cheerily pursuing our course, and feeling as secure in our temporary tenement as in one whose foundations were fixed on the solid earth : whilst my thoughts are again fixed with wonder and admiration upon that wayward and incomprehensible, so often erring but still so highly gifted being, Man ! that crowning work of the divine intelligence.

What is man ? has been asked again and again ; for philosophers in all climes, in all ages, have been naturally led to turn their investigation upon their own existence, upon their own powers and feelings. And what has been the knowledge they have attained ? Have they been able to elucidate the mystery of our being, to trace the stream of feeling to its fount ; to calculate the workings of mind, or to know how the developement of some peculiar organs of the brain produces intellect in all its various modifications ; or the rarer, and more ethereal endowments of imagination and genius ?

What is man ? I have asked myself, and after plunging in a vortex of metaphysical disquisition, the victim of doubt and perplexity, I have escaped only by merging it in a wilder field, and taking the physical universe, instead of this frail structure, for my study. In attempting

to analyze our intellectual being, even metaphysicians have failed. But man, in his moral state, may be known; we judge him by his actions; these are open to our observation, and moralists tell us this is the noblest field for our study.

One of the most amiable of authors, describing a wise and benevolent old man, says, "that he foresaw the future by his experience and knowledge, which made him know men and the designs of which they were capable." Can any experience, any knowledge, teach us to do this? Oh no; and it is for our happiness that they cannot. How can the virtuous man, he whose soul is imbued with all the noble and gentle emotions of our nature, know that of which bad men, in all their different grades, are capable? Can candor leave his heart for a moment, so that he may know the subterfuges, the littleness of which the mean-spirited are guilty? Can goodness and humanity cease to animate his breast for ever so short a period, so that he may know the torturing hell which crime makes the breast of the miser, the gambler, or the murderer; and without this, can he anticipate their actions? neither can the vicious enter into the feelings of the generous and high-minded.

Can one, glowing with love for his fellow-creatures, soothing their sufferings, ministering to their wants with a liberal hand, and dedicating his life to promote their welfare, comprehend the passion of him, who, possessed of wealth and of the power to do good, passes his life in self-indulgence, and becomes the enervated and soul-degraded sensualist? or of him who, enveloped in haughty pride, hoards that which cannot minister a rational happiness, and, whilst possessed of millions, which, distributed, would relieve the needy and make thousands happy, wears out his life in constant anxiety; and at every gust of wind which flickers his lamp, trembles for the safety of that bark, the rich stores of which are to add to his already countless heaps?

Can the intellectual and high-minded enter for a moment into the feelings of the man, whose mind, unendowed with a single ray of its diviner essence, and with no nobler end in view but the attainment of wealth, is content to pass his life watching the turn of that market, the very existence of which is the bane of states, and deems the loss of a few thousands, which the chance of the lottery had subtracted from his millions, a misery to which life could offer no antidote?*

But above all, can the humble peasant, who passes a peaceful and not unjoyous existence in tilling his fields and training his vines, know the jealousies, the distrusts, the visionary fears, which rob the tyrant of repose, which surround his couch with demons, and make his existence a perpetual nightmare?

* Such was the cause of the suicide of Goldsmid, the rich stock-broker.

Do I err, my friend ? At least I do not when I affirm that your soul sympathizes with all that is exalted, all that is gentle and refining in our natures.

Farewell.

LETTER V.

It is in a Russian bark that I am now passing these ever memorable shores ; to what thoughts does this one fact give rise.

In the southern portions of Europe and Asia, we have seen nations, at first in barbarism, and been able to mark their gradual progression to the height of power, splendor, and refinement ; enervated by luxury, ever the attendant of accumulated wealth and false refinement, subdued by some hardier race, softening the manners of their barbarous conquerors : having again mounted to the height of glory and refinement, presenting once more a rich booty to the hardy and uncivilized hordes of the north, and again experiencing the same changes. In the north, on the contrary, we behold none of these revolutions. The inhabitants of the colder and less genial regions have dragged on a monotonous and barbarous existence from the earliest records of time. All the vast empires which have succeeded each other, and spread their conquests, and their accompaniments, civilization and the arts, over such immense regions, have never extended their dominion there. The Assyrians, the Persians, the Grecians, and the Romans, have in succession subjected to their sway the fairest portion of the old world ; but they penetrated not into Scandania and the vast deserts of Siberia.

To what moral cause can be attributed the intellectual night that the nations living under the northern latitudes of the temperate zone were immersed in for so many thousand years. It would appear as if the southern sun has had as favorable an influence on mind as on matter, and to have matured the intellectual faculties ; even as it fertilized the plains, and brought to perfection the richest productions of nature.

Enclosed within the limits of their empire, and what portion of intellect they might have been endued with not ignited by collision with the electric fire of genius, thousands of centuries rolled on, unmarked by a single event which can excite the interest of the moralist or the historian ; it is true, not undisturbed by revolutions ; but these the mere changes of one barbarian despot for another, not the revolutions of civilized states, which create a new era in the moral history of man. Thus the Russians remained for ages supinely bound in their iron chain of ignorance and indolence ; and, as ever the case with the rude

and uninformed, believing themselves superior to all the world. They were even proud of the yoke which marked their degradation, and prevented their progression towards civilization and intelligence, the law which prohibited their young nobles from visiting foreign climes.

In the course of time, however, one master mind arose, endowed with genius which enabled him to dissipate the darkness in which his empire lay, to transform barbarians into men, and to call forth and add to the nations of the world, one, more extensive than had been ever yet beheld.

The Czar, Peter the First, effected all this ; yet even he, in some of his greatest works, was but the instrument impelled by the superior genius of the humble watchmaker of Geneva.*

It would at first appear singular that the Romans, who thought it worth while to spend their treasure and employ their legions for so many years in the conquest of the distant and insulated Britons, should not have endeavored to possess themselves of the vast plains beyond the Bosphorus. Had Julius Cæsar received the Proconsulship of Greece instead of Gaul, it is more than probable that the Sarmatians would have been subdued, their country annexed to the already gigantic limits of the Roman empire, and consequently colonized, and themselves been led to renounce their wandering and predatory mode of life.

The Roman generals who commanded the legions in the east, chiefly occupied in exacting tribute from its wealthy cities, contented themselves with keeping the Scythians and Dacians beyond the Danube. Or when, impelled by a passion for conquest and glory, they sought to extend their sway, they were lured by the populous and luxurious cities of Asia, which offered a rich harvest of plunder ; not by vast regions, which, however fertile by nature, would be of little worth till labor and cultivation had produced their happy effects, and transformed the wilderness into the lovely champaign teeming with its golden harvests.

Thus were the Sarmatians and Scythians left unsubdued, to harass and plunder the richer south, when no longer repressed by the superior skill of the southern warriors, and at length to pour forth their hordes, united with the Goths and Huns, to mar every vestige of civilization, submerge in their influx even imperial Rome, and replunge the most enlightened states in all the horrors of renewed ignorance.

Behold Russia now ; who can read its future destiny ! The other nations of Europe have their histories, which offer to our study a record of the high capabilities, the intellectual power of our species ; and, alas ! of the withering passions which have so often done the work

* Le Fort.

of misery and death. And from such histories it is that the enlightened philanthropist deduces how the moral state of man is influenced by the political institutions under which he lives. The history of this vast empire is yet to be written! The height of glory and refinement to which it may hereafter attain, lies hid amongst the impenetrable secrets of the future. Who can trace the career which the finger of destiny has marked out for it? Its wars and political intrigues will probably be but a new reading of the historic page of six thousand years. The philosopher will pass them by unheeded, whilst he will be led to inquire, with all the past before it, with the arts, sciences, and literature of southern and western Europe for its study and improvement, what new impetus is it destined to give to the intellectual world? what store of thought to add to the empire of mind?

Scarce more than a hundred years since, and how sombre was its night of ignorance! The dawning light has already gleamed upon it; what will its meridian splendor unfold? Then the despotic and uneducated Boyard, who passed not the limits of his own domain, exerted an iron sway over his degraded serfs. Now the Russian noble, enlightened and even learned, may be seen holding converse with the literati in the saloons and most refined circles in Europe.

A century has scarcely elapsed since not a Russian bark was to be met with on the ocean; now, her merchantmen enter every port, and bear her the wealth of the most distant nations. And her so lately undisciplined troops are now become expert and skilful warriors.

The first advances of every state from barbarism towards refinement, have hitherto been characterized by warlike excitement and military enthusiasm; the facility of the intercourse between nations, and the impetus which the press has given to the cultivation of the sciences, the dissemination of literature, will now probably weaken the former by introducing a taste for the latter. Should, however, the passion for arms prevail, where will Russia extend her conquests? what states of Europe will be added to this empire, already so vast in extent? My own Greece will be first submerged. Those picturesque promontories, those marble steeps, those lovely bays, whose undulating shores lave the bases of the vine-clad hills; on whose receding beauties I have gazed, while admiration and the thousand classic and soul-stirring associations they give rise to suffused my eyes with tears of mingled sorrow and regret, will be first subjected. Turkey will be the next object of its ambition; and the Ottoman power, driven out of Europe, will leave the country of the oppressor and that of the once oppressed, to form an integral part of the same empire; Islamism banished beyond the Euxine, and the Turkish and the Romaic language both supplanted by that of St. Petersburg.

That such will be the ultimate fate of these nations, who can doubt?

The leading powers of Europe would not willingly see Russia possessed of such an aggrandisement of territory ; but which amongst them would be powerful enough to avert it ?

LETTER VI.

CYTHERA, the favorite residence of Venus, is on our right, and the still more famous island of Candia lies extended before us in its beauty. The ancient Crete, whose history is so full of interest to every patriot and lover of liberty from whatever clime ; which was revered through all Greece, for there, Jupiter, "father of Gods and men," was nourished by shepherds in his infancy, concealed in a cavern of mount Dicte ; on mount Ida did he frequently reside, and there often summoned a "synod of the gods : " and at Gnossus, the principal town of this his favorite isle, was shown for centuries his tomb. Crete is generally considered as the cradle of the Grecian mythology, but it can claim a greater glory, as offering the model on which the Grecian legislators formed their famed republics.

It was its laws that rendered Crete so great and happy, and which spread her fame so far, that legislators from all countries came there to study them and learn the science of government.

It was these laws which Lycurgus studied and transported to Sparta, and which, whilst adhered to by its citizens, made them the arbiters of Greece.

It was these laws which Plato commends Greece for having adopted, because they were founded on the solid basis of reason and equity, and had a natural tendency to make the people happy.

The Grecians, therefore, whilst they adhered to these laws, became great and glorious, till they fell from their virtue and their respect for their laws ; then their freedom did not long survive, and they had to experience all the evils of foreign subjection. Whilst Crete, whose republican form of government existed from shortly after the return of Idomenus from the Trojan war till the time of Julius Cæsar, secure within her watery wall, and guarded by the virtue and patriotism of her inhabitants, owned no foreign master during the long period of ten centuries.

Beholding this, we naturally seek the cause, and find it not alone in the wisdom and foresight of their great legislator Minos ; but in the Cretans themselves, who had sufficient wisdom to know that on the just and strict administration of these laws depended all their greatness and security.

Minos, it is true, merits the halo of glory with which his name has

been invested as one of the great benefactors of mankind. There are, however, other legislators who may share with him his immortality. But the glory of the Cretans is without parallel in the history of the world. For after a thousand years the Romans found their laws as well administered, and with as much strictness and purity, as in the first century of their being established ; and they, as the first and necessary step towards the entire subjection of the island, abolished them, as tending so much to foster a love of liberty, and instituted those of Numa in their stead.

But before Minos commenced legislator, he undoubtedly studied the manners, disposition, and spirit of the people, and he framed his laws with a view to foster whatever he found of good and noble, and to repress whatever he observed of evil ; therefore were they all-efficient, and their existence in their purity co-equal with that of the independence of the republic.

The great error into which most legislators have fallen, has been that of studying and imitating the laws of foreign nations, instead of studying the character of the people for whom they propose to legislate. Thus, however wise and admirable their laws may be, abstractedly and theoretically considered, not being suitable to the genius and habits of those destined to live under them, they too frequently fail in accomplishing their purposed ends, and soon become a dead letter, professedly existing but virtually abolished.

A code of laws and a constitution may be found all that is wanting to one nation, may raise it to the height of prosperity and glory, and ensure the happiness of the people ; but does experience prove that the same code of laws, the same political institutions, would produce the same happy effects on a people of a directly opposite temperament, of different habits, feelings, and modes of thinking ? And should not these be considered ? We should smile at the visionary who, with the design of making the wandering Arabs or migratory hordes of Kurdistan amalgamate more to the civilization of Europe, should commence by framing for them a constitution on the representative system. But this would be scarcely more absurd than to fix such a one upon Russia now ; though such has already been palmed upon Portugal and Spain ; and what has been the result ?

In the first approaches towards civilization, when some fixed form of government becomes necessary, a few simple laws, capable of being easily comprehended and carried into execution, are all that are requisite. But as civilization progresses and refinement increases, new and more complex ones become necessary to suit a more artificial state of society. It will, however, not unfrequently be found, that the good or ill effects produced by national laws, is not more in the laws themselves than in the administration of them. Laws indiffe-

rently wise, efficiently administered, would produce happier effects than the most perfect ones ever framed by human wisdom, so supinely executed as to be constantly evaded by those who lived under them ; who consequently neither respect them nor those appointed to administer them, nor fear the penalty attached to their infringement.

The institutions framed by Minos in Crete were calculated not only to foster in its inhabitants a love of liberty, a veneration for and strict obedience to the laws, but to cherish their valor for the defence of them and of freedom. And nobly did they prove this when the Romans attempted their subjugation. It was the Cretans who first taught the voluptuous lover of Cleopatra to know the disgrace of defeat ; and the island was subdued only with the loss of all her bravest sons.

Nor were the Cretans less distinguished for the more refined and intellectual endowments of taste, feeling, and genius, which produces excellence in the arts. The works of their poets, historians, and philosophers have been lost in the lapse of ages. Even the celebrated temple of Diana of Ephesus, the work of the Cretan Ctesiphon and of his son, has been long destroyed ; so that mankind have been deprived for centuries of the delight of gazing upon this marvel of the world.

The amazing richness and fertility of this beautiful island did not enervate its inhabitants ; for Ptolemy informs us that they were more desirous of cultivating their understandings than revelling in the luxuries which surrounded them. And what a noble proof did they give of their admiration of genius, and of their munificence to reward it, when they presented a thousand pieces of silver to the blind bard of Smyrna !

This noble act, like every demonstration of respect and honor paid by communities to exalted genius, whether native or foreign, has encircled them with more glory than it did the object of their admiration. Homer, poet of all times, of all ages ! what honors could thy contemporaries render to thee that could add a single ray to the halo of glory with which thy own genius has encircled thee ! Every name which thou hast blended with thy undying strains is there consecrated to immortality. What patriots, what heroes, have not been called forth by the perusal of thy soul-stirring poem ? Well might the ancients deem it an inspired work, and place it within the sacred precincts of their temples.

Legislator, historian, seer,* bard ; in all these characters did his poems cause him to be considered in Greece. Dull and apathetic indeed must be that breast which is not warmed by the martial, or moved by the tender scenes he has so vividly delineated. But it is in

* The poems of Homer were sung at the feasts of the Panathenea.

the season and ardor of youth, when hope and enthusiasm warms the breast with their holiest glow, that thou entirely enchainest the fancy and holdest the soul thy captive. What, of all the mental treasures which science, poetry, or the arts open to us in after-life, ever affect us with that passionate excitement, that absorbing interest, with which thy deathless pages are perused in our youth. Then we feel the wrongs of Achilles as our own personal injuries ; till the god-like and humane Hector, defending his country with equal skill and valor, blending all the noble qualities of the hero with humanity, gentleness, and tenderness ; exemplifying the perfection of the human character, as the son, the husband, and the father, withdraws our admiration from the ferocious Achilles, whom the poet, near the conclusion of his poem, has so forcibly portrayed : —

“ A lion, not a man, who slaughters wide,
In strength of rage and impotence of pride ;
Who hastes to murder with a savage joy,
Invades around, and breathes but to destroy ;
Shame is not of his soul ; nor understood
The greatest evil, and the greatest good.
Still for one loss he rages unresigned,
Repugnant to the lot of all mankind.
To lose a friend, a brother, or a son,
Heaven dooms each mortal, and its will be done ;
Awhile they sorrow, then dismiss their care ;
Fate gives the wound, and man is born to bear.
But this insatiate, the commission given
By fate, exceeds, and tempts the wrath of heaven.”

The Macedonian Alexander was excited to his military ardor by reading the Iliad, and he ambited to equal his favorite hero, Achilles.

Other conquerors may have been waked to a passion for arms by the same poem. But fame has been silent with respect to the poets who have quaffed their inspiration from this fount ; and could we know, by how many would they exceed the former. Was it not the Iliad which inspired Virgil to sing of “ Arms and the man ; ” as begins his scarcely less divine poem ? And did not the genius of Tasso and Ariosto derive its heaven-born fire from the same strain ?

LIFE IN DEATH.

THE veil has dropped. Her spirit now
Intense with life, hath soared above ;
And dwelleth where the Seraphs bow,
And sing their holy hymns of love.
The seed hath sprung into a tree,
The flower hath burst its bud, the immortal soul is free.

Oh, death is full of life! Naught dies
 But that which should. Earth takes its own,
 That the ethereal may arise,
 And dwell by the eternal throne.
 Death is the full outshining light
 Of that unending morn which knows no night.

Death can but take his own. The earth
 Can only ask what she did give;
 Then let the heaven-born mind have birth,
 That it eternally may live.
 Oh! let it cast its outer frame,
 And rise, a living soul to Him from whom it came.

Gaze on that form. Nay, — lift thine eye
 And gaze above. — She is not here; —
 She hath arisen to worlds on high,
 And dwelleth in a purer sphere.
 This frame of dust she hath laid down,
 To gain a robe of light and a celestial crown.

The veil has dropped. Her inward eye
 Has seen the mysteries of God.
 And onward through the star-paved sky,
 Mid heaven's bright glory she has trod;
 Angels are guiding her along,
 While her sweet voice unites in their triumphant song.

R. C. W.

A VISIT TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

"I DON'T know — I have not yet spoken to the clerk of the weather," — said I, in common parlance to my friend and kinsman, who had asked me the wise question — "Do you think we shall have an early spring?" We stood on the steps of the M—— hotel. The night was not very dark, but sundry flakes of snow, that came wavering to the ground, served to render the vision indistinct. Nevertheless I could plainly perceive that a little old woman in a gray cloak, who was passing at the moment, had caught my words; and her small black eyes rayed up through the mist as I spoke, with an expression of intelligence rather uncomfortable to a sober citizen like myself. My friend, at the same moment, turned on his heel with a slight shudder, and sought a warmer climate within. The little old woman stood

at my side in a twinkling, and when I would have withdrawn myself, I felt her bony hand encircling my arm as if I had been in the grasp of a skeleton.

"Unhand me, madam, or by Heaven ——"

"You have taken *his* name in vain," said she, in a hoarse whisper, "often enough, and it is evident that you believe not in his existence. Come with me. Nay, do not hesitate, or I will weigh your manhood against the courage of an old woman."

"On, fool!" exclaimed I.

Away scampered the old woman, and I followed — drawn by an impulse which I could not resist. Streets, houses, woods, fences, seemed running back as we progressed, so rapid was our motion. At length I was lifted from my feet, and whirled through the air at such a rate that I nearly lost my breath. The gray cloak of the old woman could be discerned at some distance before me — clouds sprang apart, and rolled themselves in ridges on either hand of her as she passed, making a clear path for herself and follower. How far we travelled thus I am unable to say. But suddenly we struck the land, and I stood upon the green turf. The sun flamed full upon my head, and I now, for the first time, felt travel-worn and faint.

"I can assist you no farther," said the old woman; and in a moment she had disappeared.

At a little distance from the spot where I stood, was a pile of rocks of a singular form. About a dozen tall, slate-colored rocks — each one of which was several acres in height — had been thrown together in a circle in the form of a pyramid, the points meeting at the top. As I stood gazing at this singular structure, I observed a light smoke rising up through a small aperture on the very apex of this gigantic cone. I determined to obtain ingress to this strange dwelling, for that it was inhabited I no longer doubted. I walked around the natural fabric several times before I discovered an entrance; several rugged rocks had hidden it from my view. But the opening was large enough to admit a dozen horsemen abreast. Slowly and cautiously I entered the lofty chamber. It was about five hundred yards in circumference. Several singular objects immediately drew my attention; of course the animated forms were honored with my first notice. There were three gigantic beings lounging about in different parts of the room, while a venerable, stately old man, with long gray locks, sat at the farther side of the apartment busily engaged in writing. Before advancing to speak to any of my new acquaintances, I glanced around the rocky cavern. In one corner was piled a heap of red-hot thunderbolts. Against the wall hung several second-hand rainbows, covered with dust and much faded. Several hundred cart loads of hail-stones, two large sacks of wind, and a portable tempest, firmly

secured with iron bands, next engaged my attention. But I saw that the venerable personage mentioned above had become sensible of my presence, and as he had half risen from his seat, I hastened to present myself. As I drew near to him, I was struck by the size of his massive frame and the fierce expression of his eyes. He had stuck his pen behind his ear — which pen was neither more nor less than the top of a poplar tree, which some storm had rudely disengaged from its trunk, and the butt of which he had hewed down to a proper size for dipping into his inkhorn. He took my hand into his broad palm, and squeezed it too cordially for my bodily comfort, but greatly to the satisfaction of my mind, which had experienced some painful misgivings from my first entrance. I saluted him in the fashion of my country, and he replied,

“I am tolerably well, I thank you, for an old man of threescore centuries — from whence come you?”

“I am last from Boston, sir.”

“I do not recollect any planet of that name,” said he.

“I beg pardon — from the earth, I should have said.”

He thought a moment. “Yes, yes, I do recollect a little mud-ball somewhere in this direction ;” — he pointed with his arm — “but, truly, I had almost forgotten it. Hum! we have neglected you of late. It must be looked to. Our ally, Mr. John Frost, has had some claims on us, which we have liquidated by giving him permission to erect sundry ice-palaces, and throw up a few fortifications on your soil ; but I fear the rogue has made too much of his privilege. He must be checked !”

“Really, sir, not only my gratitude, but the gratitude of all the world would be yours, if you would attend to us a little more vigilantly than you have done.”

He looked grave a moment—shook his head, and rejoined —“But, sir, I have, myself, some complaints to make with regard to you. I have been somewhat slandered by your fellows, and, in truth, that was one inducement that led me to yield so readily to the request of my kinsman, Mr. Frost. You probably know there are some persons on your little planet who pretend to be of my council, and who send out little printed missiles, pretending to great ingenuity, wherein it is set forth that on such and such a day there shall be a snow-storm—a tempest—thunder and lightning—or fervent heat. Nay, some of them have carried it so far as to publish caricatures and grotesque drawings—have prophesied that there should be snow in August, and ——”

Here we were interrupted by a loud hissing noise, which caused me to start and turn round.

“You must have a care. You have scorched your garments, I

fear," cried my host to a squat figure, who came trudging towards us, wrapped in sheets of ice and wearing a huge wig powdered with snow.

"It is nothing, your Honor," answered the other, in a hollow voice which chilled my blood — "I only trod upon that cursed coil of chain-lightning which your servant has placed so near the door to be my bane as often as I visit you!"

I was too much taken up with this uncouth visiter to notice the entrance of another guest, who had placed herself directly between me and the clerk of the weather before I beheld her. She was a lovely young damsel, dressed in a variegated gown, of the most beautiful colors, her head surmounted by a green turban, and her feet shod with moccasins of the same hue, bespangled with dew-drops. The icy dwarf shrunk aside as she approached, and lowered at her from under his thick brows. She cast a glance at him, and pouted like a spoiled child. She then turned to me, and said in a tone of ineffable sweetness,

"You are the stranger from the Earth, I conclude?"

"At your service, fair lady."

"I heard of your arrival," continued she; "and hastened to meet you. I wish to inquire after my good friends, the inhabitants of your globe. My name is Spring."

"My dear lady," said I, "your countenance would gladden the hearts of us all; I assure you that your presence has been desired and earnestly prayed for by all classes of my fellow-sufferers."

"It is too provoking!" cried she, dashing her green turban upon the ground, and stamping with her little foot until I was besprinkled with the dew-drops that it shed. "I suppose that I am blamed—nay, execrated, for my tardiness by my children of the earth—while heaven knows that I long to bound over your valleys and hills, and linger by the side of your running brooks as of yore. But that wretch—that misshapen wretch —" and she pointed at Jack Frost, for he it was, "that soulless, withering demon, holds me in his power. I brought an action against him last year; but, unfortunately, I was advised to put the case in Chancery, and summer arrived before it was decided. But assure your fellows that I will not neglect them in future. I shall be amongst them early. Mr. Frost is obliged to take a journey to the north to procure a polar bear for his wife, who has lingered amongst you, with her husband, so long, that she affects some of your customs, and must needs have a substitute for a lap-dog." She then turned away and held communion with the clerk of the weather, while I sauntered about the cavern to examine its singular contents. A gigantic fellow was sweating over the fire and cooking his master's breakfast. In a moment I saw him ascend by a sort of rope ladder, and pick a

small white cloud out of the heavens wherewith to settle the coffee. I sauntered on until I came to a heap of granite, behind which sat a dozen little black fellows, cross-legged, who were laboring with all their might to weave a thunder gust. The part of the business which seemed to puzzle them most was, the working in of the bolis, which they were obliged to handle with long pincers. Another important point was sewing on the fringe, which was made of chain lightning. While I stood surveying these apprentices, a strapping fellow came reeling towards me, and inquired whether I had visited the forge. I told him that I had not. He said that it was not now in operation, as there was a sufficient quantity of thunderbolts manufactured for present use, although there might soon be a trifle of an earthquake to patch up. I observed that his wrist was swathed with a crimson bandage, and inquired if he was injured in that part. He said that he had received a trifling scratch there, for that last year he had been commissioned to discharge several thunderbolts upon our earth, which he did to his satisfaction until he came to the last, which, having been hurled like a rocket against our globe, unfortunately alighted on the head of a certain member of Congress, where it met with so much resistance that it bounded back to the skies and grazed his wrist.

At this moment somebody seized my arm from behind ; I turned my head and saw the little old woman in the gray cloak. I was hurried from the massive hall, and conveyed, with as much speed as before, back to the world from which I had set out on this strange and wonderful adventure.

MY DREAM.

O MANY a dream, like a truant from heaven,
Has flitted to gladden my pillow of pain,
With a welcome of bliss, which, if daylight had given,
I never had murmured that life was in vain.

And many a hour on violet pinion,
With eyes like the sapphire and bosom of snow,
Has floated to clasp me ; (in slumber's dominion
Such things are not open to scandal you know.)

And then a soft halo would gather around us,
And she be more rosy, and I be more blest,
Till morn came to sever the spell that had bound us,
And rob me at once of my love and my rest.

But O, of all visions, that on my lone pallet
 E'er fettered my sense in voluptuous thrall,
 Yesternight was the fairest, I well may recall it,
 The sweetest, most sadly relinquished of all.

Thou and I were together ; deliciously, dearest,
 Arched o'er us thy father-land's blossoming tree ;
 Thy own gentle heart, and the ring which thou wearest,
 Were throbbing and glittering only for me.

Methought that the ring's tiny circle, my idol,
 Encompassed my finger with mirth-mingled pain,
 When the mellow-voiced horn ringing out for our bridal,
 Brought me back to my working-day senses again.

The clarion, Effie, was only a *fish horn*,
 Which Dick, the mail coachman, reproachfully blew,
 And the ring, was a cord, by my grateful permission
 Attached to my finger to wake me at "two."

W. A. G.

COMMENTS ON TRAVEL.

OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

ONE of the first things an American newly arrived in Paris hears from the first American he meets there, is pretty sure to be a lecture on "seeing French society;" and he is oracularly told that that should be his great object in France, and that wherever he travels his own countrymen are as much as possible systematically to be avoided. Very many who have not heads to do their own thinking, adopt this ready-made doctrine implicitly, and make themselves ridiculous and unhappy in attempting to reduce it to practice ; or, if not, it is against their consciences, and the sense of what they suppose to be right. But the difficulty of carrying out this absurdity is a good deal increased by its going naturally hand in hand with another, for while you thus are to begin by *excluding* all those whom reason and fitness point out to you as associates, and are thus called on to exercise a good deal of a certain kind of repulsive energy and resolution ; on the other hand, your ulterior object must be kept in view, to get yourself *included*, somewhere else, where various additional qualities are demanded to get you over, under, and through, a variety of ob-

stacles. Here, you must leap a rampart at the hazard of being thrown back ; there, you must bribe a doorkeeper, creep in at a key-hole, or grovel through a ditch. In one place you must stand long and patiently in the half-open door, in the face of demonstrations to shut it, maintaining a pitiable footing between the dog who is inside and the beggar who is out ; in another you must revile your country, renounce your creed, and swear heartily that any given color is any other. A renegade, a spaniel, a brazen mask, an ape, an eel, and an echo, these are the things whose qualities you must abstract and unite in one : and over this amalgam you must wear not merely the polish of universal good manners, but all those varying hues and shades which it requires so much tact to perceive and so much versatility to adopt, but the management of which is so indispensable in dealing with the prejudices of different nations, classes, and cliques. Many attempt all this, and few succeed even partially ; and indeed, to make success in any degree probable, there is one more thing requisite, which is, wealth. The efficiency of this instrument varies much, however, in different countries ; it is of little use in Russia or Germany, in France it is of more, in Italy it is all-sufficient ; and so it is, if there be enough of it, in England. But the leaders of European fashion are so much accustomed to have the dust licked up before them, that they do not feel called on for any demonstration of gratitude to the mere scavenger, let him be never so good a one ; it is accident if they notice him, unless they see occasion to make some further use of him, as they often may, if he be rich. However, the remarks I have made will serve to give an idea of the practice familiarly called "working one's way in," a phrase I have known used by Americans in Paris, in speaking of each other's doings in reference to French society, and used too without the slightest idea of its being at all offensive or satirical. But when you see a vast deal of time, and occasionally more or less talent, devoted to these humiliating pursuits, and when you reflect, as you will at first, how much better both might have been employed, you may go further, and console yourself with thinking that they might also, and but for this absorption most probably would, have been employed worse. A total want of self-respect is ground from which all evil may be expected ; happy is it when nothing worse springs out of it than a sickly creeping parasite.

A rational looker-on at these proceedings is tempted at the outset, to cry shame upon his country for the shamelessness of her sons and daughters ; yet, in fact, they appear worse than any other sojourners in Europe, chiefly because circumstances enable them to be more conspicuous. No country in the world is fairly represented by its travellers : Frenchmen and Englishmen in America, Americans and Englishmen in France, and so on, give observers much worse impressions

of their respective countries than the same observers would obtain from seeing the represented nations in the mass. If we divide travellers into two classes, that is, into those who travel for objects of gain and business and those who travel for other objects, we shall see that while the first of these classes is drawn promiscuously (at least with us) from all sorts and conditions of men, or certainly with no selection of the best or better; the second, perhaps the most numerous division, takes in naturally all that is ridiculous or bad. All the people whom circumstance or choice has insulated, and who have grown peculiar in their solitude, and at last weary of it,—the idle, useless, and unattached; all those who, being well off at home, have not sense enough to know it; all those whom fresh wealth stimulates to do *something*, and who perforce must set their feet in motion if they cease to employ their hands, and the whole tribe of adventurers, chevaliers d'industrie and refugees; all these are of necessity travellers; and whatever be the nation in question, wherever its flood appears there are probably enough of these to color its waters. The commercial class keeps very much by itself, invalids and studious persons keep in retirement, and there remains visible but one class to offset against all these I have enumerated,—it is that rare one of well-bred and well-educated people, in whose cases happen the multiplied coincidences of taste for travel with the means that enable, and the circumstances that permit them, to gratify it. How often does such a coincidence occur? and how much more rarely must it not occur where the obstacles are an ocean and a year, than where a mere boundary or an arm of the sea is to be traversed, and the time may be made indefinitely short. America and Europe are, therefore, even worse represented to each other than the different nations of Europe are; and without the least disposition to make an attack on the mass of foreigners who come here, or to undervalue the force of any exceptions, I shall have the concurrence of the enlightened portion of themselves when I say, we should do their respective countries great injustice if we accepted their representatives here, taken together, as favorable specimens. 'This injustice is often done England; and those of us who have first formed our notions of Englishmen here and in France and Italy, and afterwards visited England itself, have usually, I believe, been most agreeably disappointed in the manners of the people. Home is every man's strong point; and at home the opinion of the public exercises upon every man's actions a force and pressure, of which, as of that of the atmosphere upon his body, we can only justly estimate the influence when we have seen what results from taking it off. At home a man passes for exactly what he is, and few are fools enough to keep their dignity for its every day uses upon stilts, few poor enough in spirit ever to roll it absolutely in the mire. But many a man may

be seen abroad, where he thinks he is secure from any embarrassing recognition, puffing himself grandly out to fill what he fancies to be a great part, or sneaking with some underhanded plot right meanly in a small one ; usually in either case obtaining exactly as much success as he deserves.

If all this be correctly reasoned, it follows that travellers in foreign lands lie under three decided disadvantages whenever they are considered in the mass ; that, in the first place, they were not as good people when at home as those who have remained there ; secondly, they do not behave as well, nor appear as well abroad as themselves would have done at home ; and, finally, what remains to be a little elucidated, they are judged by foreigners somewhat unfairly, through the medium of international prejudices, and difference of manners and customs, and so have not the credit of being as good as, after all, they really are. To this last ban, even more than to the other two, our countrymen are peculiarly obnoxious ; their political and social opinions are in strong contrast to those generally received in Europe, and they themselves are usually more or less possessed with the spirit of propagandism ; in other words, of pugnacity and attack. Here, practical common sense and demonstration furnish an universal criterion and test for laws and usages ; whatever will not stand before this is speedily put down ; but there, custom and antiquity, and transmitted systems, right or wrong, must be respected, and this, in general, Americans refuse to learn. The logic of their own opinions, and the evidences of their good effects in practice, are to them so clear that they cannot be content without attempting to diffuse them, in season and out of season. Compared with this ultraism, *he* seems almost like a man of the world, who merely adheres doggedly to his own ideas, troubling nobody else with them, but refusing to adopt any new ones, or even momentarily to adopt himself to any, though he may be in situations, and that by his own seeking, where good manners absolutely require that he should do so. Such a man as this will go to court without informing himself beforehand what is the etiquette of the place ; and will offer his arm to a princess, or talk to the queen about her "*husband* ;" and come away thinking he has been showing his independence and keeping up the dignity of human nature. Both these *gaucheries* I have cited were committed at Paris, and both by persons who had taken more than ordinary pains to get to the palace, and had met each at least with one refusal. Now a king, as such, may be as indifferent to me when I meet him on neutral ground as a scavenger ; but when I go to the king's house or to the scavenger's, I am bound to treat the master of it with the forms of civility he is accustomed to, especially if I go, not to please him, but to please myself, and by the favor of his permission.

When Roland the republican was appointed a minister because the king had urgent need of him, he had a perfect right to stipulate that he would not wear a court dress, or that he would not say "Your Majesty" had he chosen to go so far ; or, in short, to make any conditions he pleased, which might be accepted or not. He was a very bigoted sort of person, and he strengthened the fopperies he warred on by magnifying their importance ; a contemptuous conformity would have been infinitely better. But he had a right, and he exercised it ; a favor was asked of him, and he made his terms when he granted it ; but we, on the contrary, we, who are so very anxious to go to court, are solicitors for admission, and there is a breach of common decency in not ascertaining on what terms we receive it, and of common honesty, if we know them, in not observing them.

It is probable the government of the United States will find it expedient to instruct their ministers abroad to discontinue entirely, or very much restrict, their presentations of Americans at their respective courts. Restriction, of course, there can be but one, which must be absolute to public functionaries, including, perhaps, naval and military men, on condition of their speaking some language intelligible to the prince who receives them ; an accomplishment it is most disgraceful to see so many of our ministers themselves not provided with. This is the only line it is possible to draw ; and really, though this may seem too strict, yet it is obvious that if the slightest discretion on the subject is left the minister, he must be often placed between the inconvenience of quarrelling with a pertinacious applicant, and the mortification of presenting an unfit one, the last to be shared by all his countrymen. Any other minister refuses without scruple all such applications that do not please him ; but ours may be applied to, and refuse, and be attacked again, importuned, and even bullied and threatened ; the most unfit and unpresentable person being sure to insist most earnestly.

An extraordinary mania prevails on this subject, and gives rise to conduct as extraordinary, of the motives to which I can form no satisfactory theory. I can understand that a person should wish to go once to see a ball at the Tuileries, provided the thing involved no sacrifice of self-respect, as he might wish to go once to a ball at the Opera ; but I cannot at all understand why, if he has no foot-hold, association, nor acquaintance there, he should wish to go a second time, to stalk like a ghost, an unnoticed stranger, through a gay society, or to herd with other strangers, a crowd of marked nobodies, in a corner or a saloon by themselves. Besides, though the king's palace, like the Opera, is a thing to be seen, it is not, like the Opera, quite public at every body's service ; we accept an admission once, but why persevere in going time and again to a place where our presence gives no

pleasure, and where we have even some reasons for thinking it is rather our absence that is doted on. What claim have we, strangers and flitters, upon Louis Phillippe, that he is to entertain every individual of our nation that appears at his palace, as often as he chooses to appear? What reciprocity is there in this, what equivalent, since gay society every where is constructed on Scarron's principle, that "each guest brings his dish, and the feast is united;" what do we bring, or give, or promise?

It will hardly be credited at home, that the vanity of going to court balls, has kept up an attendance of Americans there, even since the suspension of all diplomatic intercourse between the United States and France, a thing as contrary to etiquette as it is to good spirit and good taste. Nay more, as there are now no means of being presented, persons who have never been presented to the present king have attended his levees, on the ground of having been presented to his predecessor; and, by entering their names in a book kept for that purpose, have obtained, and have availed themselves of, invitations to balls.—"I have not the pleasure of knowing you personally, sir, but I shall be happy to dine or dance at your house, because I knew its last owner, whom you and your friends ejected."

But aside from etiquette, no American in foreign lands ought openly to separate himself from the feelings of his government, right or wrong, least of all in France, when a quarrel with France is in progress, and such a quarrel as the present one. It is not to my purpose to discuss this matter at much length, but that we have a just demand on France nobody denies; that that government has trifled with us designedly as long as it dared, is equally clear; and that it never intended to pay us at all is a legitimate inference from all its conduct. It seems probable that we shall now be paid, and to say this is done from fear of us is not the correct expression; but it is certainly done, if at all, as a measure of economy, and because, if they saved their twenty-five millions, we should put them to an expense of two hundred and fifty. The settlement of this question affects the security of our commerce in all succeeding time, and it affects too, the validity of our similar claims on Spain, Naples, and Portugal, all of which it would be highly inconsistent to enforce if France were to be suffered to evade payment. How a man whom all these earnest considerations stare in the face, can go, notwithstanding, and lend his influence, paltry though it may be, to convince the King of France that our popular government is not, in this matter, fully supported by its people, is more than I can tell; such conduct deserves epithets which suggest themselves readily, and which most readers, I think, on a mere statement of the case, will apply.

All these fooleries are performed in the chase after one great ob-

ject, admission into French society ; an object which they effectually prevent those persons who become noted by committing them, from attaining. Those persons it is true, or a large proportion of them, belong to a class who have not had opportunities of being well instructed as to the usages of polite life in their own country ; they are persons who have lain under some disqualification at home, and whose ultimate design in endeavoring to get up a distinction abroad, is to make it re-act here when they come back ; an Archimedean idea of getting a foot-hold out of their own world, whence to assault and move that world, as they could not while they were in it. But setting these aside, the truth is that, a perfectly well-bred American, arriving in Europe with American ideas of life, lies under a certain unfitness for European society, which he ought well to reflect upon, and study to remove. You may put the more dignified end foremost if you please, and say European society is not fit for him ; the relation in question, however, is not one of superiority and inferiority, but simply of dissimilarity. In our country it is perfectly good manners to be equally polite to every body ; in Europe it is not, there exist certain lines of distinction, which you *must* observe absolutely, if you do not you ought not to be among them. You must not indeed bore a great man with your Grace, or my Lord, at every third word, nor smile in his face every time you can catch his eye, nor assent to what he says before you know what it is ; the time for these aeries is past, but you must treat him with a certain deference, the exact measure of which you must have tact enough to take from those around you, and in order to this you must be convinced beforehand that such a thing exists, and set yourself systematically to seek for it. And this deference you must persist in showing to men, whom very often you may secretly utterly despise ; and who, perhaps, to make the matter more provoking, only reciprocate your attention in that clipped coin, which, from persons of their rank is a legal tender. If you fly into a rage and insult them in such a case, I should approve of your conduct on general principles entirely, but you fall back by the means into the category prepared for all Americans, (or nearly all,) of unsuitableness for European society.

At home we have one criterion of admissibility into society, which is fitness, estimated very often chiefly by negatives, as almost everybody circulates, against whom there is not some decided objection. Our circles are large and numerous, with no definite gradations ; a large proportion of our population have places in some or all of them, and there is (compared with Europe) but little jealousy among them, or ambition of passing from one to another. A man who passes from this state of things to the gates of the European "*great world* ;" for that is the word there, does so with the perfect expectation of being

admitted ; and he is usually long in apprehending the subtle difficulty which keeps him out, which is, that he is nobody. One of two things you *must* be, a "lion," or a "sommité sociale;" this last convenient phrase, which is inadequately translated by "*social eminence*," taking in all the people whose titles to notice are more permanent than those of the mere lions, or nine-day notorieties. These social eminences, being of such admitted necessity and required in such quantities, are very often manufactured of flimsy stuff, and set up on frail and tottering foundations, so that a large proportion of the occupants of this same great world have enough to do to keep their own places, few indeed are steady or firmly fixed enough to venture to reach out a hand to pull up a new aspirant, or even to sustain a sinking friend ; so few, that mean and selfish principles on such matters are general enough to be kept in countenance, and it is the "ton" of conversation to make no secret of them. This serves partly to explain why, when from any thousand of the letters of introduction which our countrymen are famous for writing and delivering with such friendly confidence, you have chosen out the ten which are written by people who had a right to write them, and to people who are, in fact, in the great world abroad, you will find at least nine of these will be evaded with shuffling half-civility, or treated with positive rudeness and insolence. As for letters to people of the inferior classes, to any, in short, who have no pretensions to be eminences, there is no social gratification to be derived from them ; the same passion pervades and perverts them all, and their ideas are absorbed in scrambling for petty distinctions, and in worshipping great ones, looking on each other and on all who enter among them on the footing of equality as rivals, and as persons whom with a most recoiling contempt, they are forced to tolerate. Such are the effects, natural ones, I think, of a system of social eminences ; so overpowering a proportion of them are toppling and disputable, that the necessary mean policy of these becomes the fashion of the whole, and he who, on his own feet, at his own natural height, would be a strong and serviceable man of the world, is made a cripple by being set on stilts, and a palpable beggar by the crutches and mean appliances which are indispensable to keep him there. And the passion for distinction with which such a system naturally fills the mind of the unreasoning vulgar, is apprehended by them in its grossest and simplest form. The all-absorbing idea is to *be distinguished*, to be any thing that other people are not, any thing even that they shun or dread to be, any thing that will surprise them, any thing that they will hear of and talk about, any thing that they will applaud, or finally, any thing that they will execrate and condemn. Such, no doubt, was the incitement to the crime of Fieschi, so deficient otherwise in motive, and the peacock airs the creature gave himself on his trial, were proof enough of

this theory of him and his deeds. There was nothing left behind, for he betrayed all he knew, and exerted himself to the utmost to get his accomplices condemned ; and his reason for doing this appeared to be that it put him on a footing, for the moment, with the president of the Chamber of Peers, the chief of his judges, who conducted the interrogations, and who, consequently, according to French custom, was counsel in effect for the prosecution, cross-examining criminals as well as witnesses, and studiously turning every thing against the accused. Fieschi seconded him ably; and the illusion of fancying himself a peer or a judge, or on a footing with those who were so, wrought so strongly upon him, that once in endeavoring to clear up some doubtful point he astonished his audience by crying out "Entendons nous, François ;"—Let us understand each other, Frenchmen. He talked about his character, took some nice distinctions to prove that he was not an assassin ; declared himself a "grand coupable," a great criminal, and chuckled at the idea that he had mingled his name with history.

This man had heard long ago in the Grande Armée, and since in the viler service of the police, he had heard in the workshop, and in the cabaret, and in the streets, that glory was a necessary of life, or more necessary than life itself ; and he had learned that any thing daring was glorious, and possessing in an extraordinary degree the quality of atrocious recklessness, he set himself, naturally enough when all these ideas fermented, to earn his share of glory by that.

Another case presented itself in the month of January of this year, I think it was in La Vendée, but having merely read it in a newspaper, the places and names have escaped me. There was a soldier of general good character, who was possessed with a violent ambition of having the decoration of the Legion of Honor, and had often been heard to talk about it, and to say he should like so much to encounter a certain noted Chouan (i. e. brigand) who had infested the neighborhood, as he was sure, if he could kill him, he should get the decoration. With much revolving this one idea, he seems to have gone mad upon it, and at last passing with a drummer and another of his comrades through a solitary place, he shot one of them dead, and attacked and severely wounded the other, but failed to kill him, and took to flight himself. He was taken however, and the explanation of his crime was, that if he could have killed both the men, he would have gone home with a great story of a combat with Chouans, in which he had fought till both his comrades were killed, &c. &c. ; and the end he hoped for, was the ribband in his button-hole he had coveted so long. An order of the day was issued to the soldiers, which was as peculiar as the rest of the transaction, commenting on the evil consequences which had thus arisen from pushing an "honorable

feeling" to excess. But this is a digression, and I return to my subject.

There are some Americans who possess friendships or family connexions abroad which will open to them the doors of the saloons ; some come in diplomatic capacities, and are received accordingly ; and some being well qualified for society, and well introduced, slide into it easily and naturally. But the number of these all together, is but small ; and the rest would do well to resign themselves to their fate at once and reflect, that one man's advantages may be transplantable, and another's not, and yet no imputation attach on that account to the latter. Good company after all in its best phases is much the same the world over, it is well to be, in it where one can be so on an independent footing, but no success worth having can be obtained by self-abasement. Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, seek, and ye shall *not* find, knock (importunately,) and it shall *not* be opened unto you.— And as for the study of the people and their manners, the theatres, the public gardens, the cafés, and the streets, afford more unrestrained opportunity, and more freshness, nature, and variety, than the ball-room ; exhibiting nearly all that is to be found there, and much that is not.

So much for the idea of seeking French society ; as for that of shunning one's own countrymen, it would require some genius to hit upon another equally absurd. Many of the pursuits of a traveller are eminently social, and not only it is desirable to have society at your command, but also that that society should be varied, and afford you, for various purposes, the greatest choice possible, and for objects, too, for which, in general, travellers are the only class whom you will find disposable. One excursion would be pleasantest, (and therefore best,) with a gay party, another you would plod through with a sober friend ; but no lion-hunting is profitable or endurable alone. And many friendships are thus formed, much congeniality of taste, talent, and feeling finds opportunity to develop itself ; much community of recollection is stored up, and months do the work of years. Add to this, that though you may be well launched in a circle of foreign society, it is well enough not to be, and above all, not to appear to be entirely dependent on it ; a point d'appui is always a good thing to have, and you bear the more lightly on your new friends by means of it. On the other hand, there is another extreme which you may run into at Paris if you will, and which you will run into probably, if you are essentially of an idle disposition, and have no character or resolution of your own. That is, you may involve yourself with a set of the people who ought to have staid at home, in a round of junketing, soirées, and morning calls, which will reduce your life to the nothingness of a regular party goer at New-York.

It is doleful to contemplate the petty expedients adopted by many Americans abroad to get rid of our own test of social standing, which is fitness or merit, and pass by the European one, which is rank or distinction. The strange devices some of them have hit upon, the extraordinary pretexts under which they have attempted to give themselves out as social eminences, would furnish some excellent stories, and I suppress many which I could tell, simply, irony aside, because they are too good. They would attach enduring ridicule here, and mortification which would be shared by others than the offenders, while the "*titles*" in question would point out these last inevitably to any one who might be of their acquaintance. Besides, the telling of these stories like the making of many books would come to no end, I shall therefore limit myself beforehand to one, and upon that one I will venture. It will serve instead of many, as it combines a variety of good points, and it was told to me by the gentleman who had the passive or resisting part in it. Two Americans, young men, arrived at a certain foreign capital, and desired a functionary of our government, then and still there, to present them to the prime minister and virtual sovereign of the country. The request was not an agreeable one, and was met by several difficulties, and staved off as long as possible, and at last when they grew very urgent, they were told it was not possible to present them, because it was the established etiquette that every person presented should have some diplomatic or military rank, and appear in the dress which belonged to it. The applicant replied to this, that they would remove the difficulty at once, one had a militia title and the appropriate uniform, and the other, who was spokesman for both, proposed to put on his "diplomatic dress" for the occasion. The functionary in question, who had never heard that his customer was a diplomat, was not prepared for this, and he had no better answer ready but to say, that in that case, if he had a diplomatic character, certainly he must present him, and in order to that he wished to be informed what appointment it was that he held. Oh, as to that, he did not hold any.—"Well, then of course it is the dress belonging to some appointment you have formerly held."—No, he had never held any.—"Well—but—pray sir—you hold no appointment, and have never held any, may I ask you on what principle you put on the dress that represents one?"—"Oh, as for that—we Americans—we are all fit to be diplomats, and so—I got the dress made."

As for wearing militia uniforms abroad, and calling one's-self captain or colonel on the strength of militia commissions, that is a thing, the propriety or honesty of which may be disputed on, and I leave it undiscussed. But that we, all, or at least all of us who think ourselves so, are fit to be militia colonels, is a point which the Citizen King thinks probably by this time is too much proved, and he is not yet at

the end of his experience. The joke is beginning, however, to be understood at the Tuileries, and will in fact, not do much longer in France at all; farther inland, the same distance which makes good credentials rare and difficult to be obtained, makes bad ones pass muster more easily. I have seen a man's name in a tavern album in Germany, where, under the head of profession he put down that he was a general, a thing of so little note at home, that I believe he might have kept it a secret had he been so disposed, from his very wife; and another in the very same book, a person whom I knew something about, had disguised himself completely from my recognition by writing Lt. Col. such a one, U. S. A. A military friend who was with me, knowing that there was no Lt. Col. of that name in the army, inquired a little into the thing, and we got at the explanation, but this was a positive fraud.

Perhaps the object of these remarks is now accomplished, which was only to arrive at a point, where I could introduce a double protest; first, in the name of common sense against the conduct of many Americans in foreign lands, but secondly, and more earnestly, in the name of the country at large, against being held at all responsible for them, or implicated with them. Some such salvo we want, for we are rather a thin-skinned race, and without it we should go on incurring perpetual irritation from endless histories of raw and green proceedings, and anecdotes of utter want of tact, intrusiveness, vanity, impudence, and even imposture. The sooner the thing is well understood at home, the better, for it is growing worse in Europe with the increasing clouds of our travellers, and a part of it only is susceptible of any remedy; that part, to wit, which is connected with presentations at courts. Our own government ought to remedy this; if they do not, the patience of Louis Phillippe will be by and by exhausted, and he will apply a remedy in his own case as others may hereafter, when they come to be visited as he has been. It would be a mortifying circumstance perhaps, but whoever has been much in Paris of late years, would find reasons to justify the king in it, and to be as glad as he would be of the abatement of the nuisance it would check.

STORY OF THE HAT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

CANTO FIRST.

THE man who first invented that
Protean fashion's toy — a hat,
Wore his felt cover with the brim
Slouched down. Yet he contrived to wear
The thing with such a grace and air,
He seemed a dandy, spruce and prim.

As through the streets he walked, surprise
Beamed forth from every fopling's eyes ;
And all the wondering town confessed
That matchless genius he possessed.

He died, and left — bequest most rare !
The broad-brimmed hat to his next heir.

The funeral o'er — the heir scarce knew
What with the dish-shaped thing to do,
Whose flabbiness annoyed him sore ;
He studied long — his skill then tried,
Turned up the hat on either side,
And brought it to a peak before.

Now walking forth, the people saw
And hailed the change with great éclat.
" 'Pon honor," cried they ; " sir, the hat
Hath now a shape worth looking at !"

He died, and left — bequest most rare !
The peaked hat to his next heir.

The heir received the hat, and eyed
The goodly gift with swelling pride,
And judged it lacked a final touch ;
He scrutinized it close and long,
And felt that there was something wrong —
A something that deformed it much.

" Aha !" cried he, " its sole defect,
I am most happy to detect !"
So turning up the brim behind,
He pressed and smoothed it to his mind.

Who can th' astonishment conceive
That seized the crowd, when they espied
The novel change! "Behold," they cried,
"Behold what genius can achieve!
Oh, what a glorious transformation!
The man's an honour to the nation!"

He died, and left — bequest most rare!
The three-cock'd hat to his next heir.

The hat was now no longer new,
(Three owners' hands it had passed through,)
Much soiled it was and greased, alack!
But, on improvement bent, the heir
Pondered the matter well with care;
Then scour'd, and spunged, and dyed it — black.

"Oh happy thought!" exclaimed aloud
The gaping and admiring crowd;
"Of mind astute, invention, clear,
The strong, conclusive proof, see here!
— A white hat's finical we feel,
A black one's surely more genteel!"

He died, and left — bequest most rare!
The black-dyed hat to his next heir.

The heir took home the hat in haste,
And scanned it like a man of taste.
— He saw that it was greatly worn,
And of its primal splendor shorn;
(The color had in time grown dim,
Shabby and flaccid was the brim;
The crown, too, bulged up like a hive.)
Long was he puzzled what to do,
What means to use — what plan pursue,
Its form and splendor to revive.

But finally the lucky man
Devised the only proper plan.
— Over a block he drew the hat,
And pressed the brim down smooth and flat;
Washed, scoured, and brushed it, and at last
A heated sad-iron o'er it passed;
Then cock'd it up afresh, and bound
Its edge with silken riband round.

Now forth he walked, and in his range
All marked at once the thorough change.
"What see we?" cried the mob — "behold,
To a new hat is changed the old!
Oh, happy country, where the arts
Are practised by a man of parts!
We've reached the height whence angels fell!
Mere mortal ne'er can this excel!"

He died, and left — bequest most rare!
The re-formed hat to his next heir.

Invention is the artist's glory,
And gives renown in future story.
— The next heir, with a daring hand,
Stripped from the hat the silken band;
With gold-lace trimmed it round instead,
And set it sideways on his head!

The crowd cried, with a deafening roar,
"Now genius cannot higher soar!
Compared with this man, all the rest
Were silly, bungling fools at best!"

He died, and left — bequest most rare!
The gold-laced hat to his next heir.

End of Canto First.

☞ What further change the hat befel
In canto second we shall tell.
— Each heir some alteration made;
And each new fashion, as it rose,
Was praised and aped by fops and beaux.
Fancy devised new forms and name,
But the old hat was aye the same!

In brief — as these the hat, philosophers, you'll find,
Have treated, in times past, the Science of the Mind;
And still, new-fangled doctrines, quaint and bold,
Find ready friends and favorers — as of old!

U. U.

York, Pa.

CRITICAL HINTS.

[We need hardly say how happy we shall be to hear further from the venerable author, dramatist, and critic, whose initials are subscribed to the following communication. Eds. AM. MON.]

To the Editors of the American Monthly Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I have read with pleasure, and I believe profit, the Essays on the Characters of Desdemona and Hamlet in your very valuable publication. On the latter, permit me to suggest a few thoughts, which, multitudinous as are the criticisms before the public, I do not remember to have seen.

It would appear strange that a person who had seen a ghost, or an apparition, in all respects similar to a person well-known by him while in life, "Like the king that's dead ;"—

"—— that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march,"

— that this person should be convinced, as Hamlet was, that the apparition was not a creation of distempered senses, by the testimony of three witnesses, (Horatio, an approved gentleman, scholar, and friend, Marcellus and Bernardo, discreet officers ;) — that he should have a revelation direct from the world of spirits — and yet should, in the celebrated soliloquy, speak of

" what dreams *may* come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil ;"

as if it were doubtful whether the sleep of death admitted of any dreams. That he, after seeing his dead father, and hearing from him the solemn revelation of the mode practised upon him to accomplish his murder, and of his state —

" Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night ;
And for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in" his " days of nature
Are burnt and purged away."

I say, that after this apparition to himself and three others, and the revelation to himself, he should still doubt whether death was a sleep without dreams ; and speak of the world of spirits as a " Country from whose bourne no traveller returns," appears strange and contradictory.

But, may it not be explained by his fears that the " spirit" " may be a Devil ?" And be it remembered, that the soliloquy alluded to precedes the trial of the ghost's veracity, by the play contrived to " catch the conscience of the king," and prove the truth of the revelation.

If these lines are published, they may be followed by further remarks on Shakspeare, from

W. D.

April 2d, 1836.

THE PROSE OF JEREMY TAYLOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROSE OF MILTON."

THAT writer who has been styled the "SHAKSPEARE OF DIVINITY" must possess qualities beyond the vulgar.

A well of fancy, ever springing afresh ; a flow of pure and eloquent language ; a knowledge of human character and conduct ; something of reverence and love for the fair outward creation ; and blended with, and mastering the whole, no inconsiderable share of that, which, in apostles is inspiration, in men, genius — are the requisites necessary to vindicate to Taylor the lofty title.

We think it is justly his. As such we have selected him to become one of the golden throng whom it is our purpose to marshal before the reader. In these papers we wish to exhibit and describe the English language as it is embodied in the most brilliant and perfect prose authors ; as it glows when forged and polished by the ablest and most gifted of the old artisans ; we therefore pass by the ignobler works of those whom we present, to comment upon those in which their minds stand forth in the most commanding attitudes, apparelled in noblest vestures.

Jeremy Taylor's prose, it is true, breathes not the full, warlike melody of Milton's, nor his sublimity of thought or munificence of language. Neither does it flash with the point and perpetual lightning-play of Fuller's epigrammatic style : but we walk in a soft moonlight atmosphere, a purple clime, instinct with flowers and odors, though Death be the husbandman and the grave the field from which they spring. Taylor's Essay on "Holy Dying," — if we consider its subject and the imagination lavished on it — resembles a day in the American autumn, when the sky is flushed with gorgeous clouds, and the forests are radiant with many-tinted leaves — glory and splendor on the earth and in the heaven ; yet all together preaching a solemn lesson of decay, while approving the hand that pencilled them, no less than divine.

Taylor's prose is remarkable for the minuteness of its painting and the always crowded state of his canvass. There is in it that overflow of thought which we look upon as one of the highest characteristics of great and pregnant minds. This miniature of detail is more particularly exhibited in the "Holy Living" — the twin-essay which accompanies the Holy Dying ; — in this, sins are, as it were, set

apart in packages, parcelled and marked; apportioned in vials, and labelled with letters of speaking fire.

Yet amid the dryness of this anatomic labour, gleams of Jeremy's glorious nature burst out: thus he beautifully mentions as first among the means and instruments to obtain faith: —

"A humble, willing, and docile mind, or desire to be instructed in the way of God; for persuasion enters, like a sunbeam, gently, and without violence; and open but the window, and draw the curtain, and the Sun of righteousness will enliven your darkness."

"Holy Living," is a code of practical morals, full of clearness of thought and a knowledge of the necessities of men.

It is so particular and pointed in its applications that in whatever condition a human being may be placed a shaft is sure to reach him from some quarter of the vast and powerful bow; under whatever portion of the firmament of circumstance he may take his position, there is some star in the galaxy which will shed its light upon his path — developing past errors and disclosing newer and nobler avenues for his future footsteps.

But "Holy Dying" is the master birth. A sentence in the opening dedication exhibits Taylor's modesty, and at the same time his determination to exert all strength and energy in completing his task;

"It is enough for me," he says, "to be an under-builder in the house of God, and I glory in the employment; I labor in the foundations; and therefore the work needs no apology for being plain, so it be strong and well laid."

This resolution declared, he traverses the field of example, east and west, north and south, to pluck instances for his subject — to gather the fragments of ruin from every clime of the Earth, out of which to build up this work — his honorary monument to death;

"All the succession of time, all the changes in nature, all the varieties of light and darkness, the thousand thousands of accidents in the world, and every contingency to every man, and to every creature, doth preach our funeral sermon, and calls us to look and see how the old sexton Time throws up the earth, and digs a grave where we must lay our sins or sorrows, and sow our bodies, till they rise again in a fair or an intolerable eternity."

Solemn! startling theme! — Death and the Eternal destinies of man. As the current of life runs noiselessly on, until it lapses, of a sudden, in the everlasting ocean; so, through this Essay, flows the style of Taylor — for a while, a smooth, summer stream journeying brightly and placidly away — suddenly and abruptly it breaks over a precipice, and, as we behold the agitation, and hear the noise of the waters below, sweetly emerges above the tumult, the calm lights and glowing colors of the peace-tokening Iris! Here follows a glorious figure — a picture — a poem. It bodies forth the conquering power

of a quiet and gentle spirit over the trials of a bitter and tempting disease —

“For so have I known the boisterous north wind pass through the yielding air, to which it opened its bosom, and appeased its violence by entertaining it with easy compliance in all the regions of its reception ; but when the breath of heaven hath been checked with the stiffness of a tower, or the united strength of a wood, it grew mighty and dwelt there, and made the highest branches stoop, and made a smooth path for it on the top of all its glories.”

In Taylor, such are no laborious beauties ; felicities sought after sedulously, and pressed into place by force or artifice. His illustrations are always graceful, natural, and apposite. Where others would have written a homily, he freely, and with a facile hand, sketches a picture. Where others would have overwhelmed us with school-theology, he gives us that body of divinity which has its birth in Christian love. Where others would have led us through the furnace and affrighted us with terrors, he lifts a finger to the skies, and glowingly points us to an imperishable legacy, and a pleasant hereafter. As we read, Jeremy becomes disembodied from the flesh, and appears before us as Time itself, standing on the tombs of the buried generations, and with a silvery trumpet sounding forth sad and desolate notes of warning. And yet there pervades the whole what may be called the chivalry of religion ; an exhortation to bear up, to hope ; to trust in the arm omnipotent.

Roman, Grecian, all history contributes to the grand fund of persuasion and admonition which he establishes.

By that strong, alchymic power, which belongs peculiarly to genius, he extracts a soul of Christianity from beneath the doubtful garb of heathen example.

His knowledge, the fruits of his learned and varied reading, are imbued with a happy felicity into the body of his subject ; his illustrations are apt in themselves, and rendered doubly effective from the apt manner in which they are introduced. His learning is not a cumbrous appendage, but a lucky ornament ; not rudely annexed to the general structure of his style, but nicely fitted, and jointed into it as a living and essential part of it. I know no tapestry where the original web and the raised figure are so essentially *one*, as the prose of Jeremy Taylor.

His power over language and imagery is almost despotic. Like a skilful performer on a musical instrument, he can draw two tunes from a single string ; his pen is the fountain of tears and of tempests. Illustrating that extensive sect of professors whose religion is rheumatic and affected sorely by a change of weather, he first speaks thus : —

“All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency, and feel the work of

faith, place the man in a persecution ; let his bones be broken with sorrow ; let his bread be dipped in tears, and all the daughters of Music be brought low ; let God commence a quarrel against him, and be bitter in the accents of his anger, or his discipline ; then God tries your faith."

Warming and growing more vigorous as the labour of description increases, he proceeds —

"In our health and clearer days it is easy to talk of putting trust in God ; we readily trust him for life when we are in health ; for provisions when we have fair revenues ; and for deliverance when we are newly escaped ; but let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes and dwell upon our wrong, let the storm arise, and the keel toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes ; then can you believe, when you neither hear, nor see, nor feel, any thing but objections ?"

Abounding in truth and wisdom like this, is not Taylor's "Holy Dying," a fountain to which our divines should resort ? is it not a brook of Sion in which they should bathe their feet, and ascend from it, strengthened and purified to do the work of the Lord ?

Too true, and a sad truth it is, and too applicable even in this age, and in this latitude, what one of Taylor's wisest eulogists has said, — "Were his parts and endowments parcelled out among the poor clergy that he left behind him, it would have perhaps made one of the best dioceses in the world." We speak of the "Holy Dying," however, only as an eminent literary composition ; we speak of Taylor as one of the finished masters of the tongue, not as an eloquent advocate and expounder of the truth ; not as a chosen High-priest of the Gospel — but rather as a ministrant at a lower, though not altogether profane altar. Let a worthier assume the task of unfolding his religious views and expounding his creed ; for us, we are content (so it has pleased Heaven) with worshipping afar off. Yet we can venture to say, that in his revelations of guilt, in his admonitions to duty, and in the remedies apportioned to different classes of crime, and different conditions of men, there seems to us a wonderful adherence to truth and experience ; as much so as in one of the dramas of Shakspeare or Massinger.

The prominent trait of the prose of Jeremy Taylor is its beauty. If there are no brilliant and fiery outbreaks of soul, there is yet a perpetual and even eloquence ; a silent charm which clings to it even in the least imaginative passages. There is sometimes a pathos in his allusions, which few poets can match ; there is that affecting and vivid sentence, where he compares the youth of five and twenty suddenly cut down, with the "fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood ;" and says : —

"So have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece ; but

when a ruder breath had dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness, and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all of its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and worn out faces."

Throughout most of Taylor's figures runs this vein of tender and graceful feeling; he reads the universe aright, he reads it as a poet, and sees therein mementos of decay; symbols of man's nature, types of the soul in all its changes, and an outward alphabet by which to read the inward spirit.

Taylor's mind was attuned to all that was glorious, and it fills the prose emanating from it with its own harmony. If I may be permitted to quote a fragment of unworthy verse I should say:—

His mind is temple-like
It breathed of sanctity — high columns —
And a shrine where angel thoughts did worship;
Where painted windows lend a wondrous light
To every object moving in their many hues.

His wish, poured forth at the close of his "Holy Dying," we believe, is remembered:—

"I desire to die a *dry death*, but am not very desirous to have a *dry funeral*; some flowers sprinkled upon my grave would do well and comely; a soft shower to turn those flowers into a springing memory, or a fair rehearsal, that I may not go forth of my doors, as my servants carry the entrails of beasts."

Go reverend Spirit! vanish again into the past; the flowers are sprinkled; from these eyes the soft shower is rained!—Return to thy old repose in the dust and quiet of upper shelves. I have called thee forth for a moment's amusement, to a busy and hurried generation.

Thy service is performed; thou mayest return into oblivion and rest! for *who reads the old English prose writers in these enlightened days?*
C. M.

SONG.

ADRIAN'S REPLY.

["ALAS!" said she sadly, "even at the best, what can this love that we have so blindly encouraged — what can it end in? Thou must not wed with one like me, and I — how foolish I have been."]

BULWER'S RIENZI.

Recall then thy senses
Irene! the heart
In which love, like a shadow
Can come and depart —

From which things that seem cherished
 Most dearly to-day,
 Are cast without grieving
 To-morrow away.
 Such a heart it may sadden
 My own to resign,
 But it never was mated
 To mingle with mine.

Love another ! Irene !
 More wisely thou wilt ;
 If truth to Colonna,
 In thine eyes be guilt !
 He claims not, he asks not,
 One thought in thy breast,
 If that thought bring misgiving
 And doubt to the rest.
 Let the past be forgotten,
 And think thou no more
 Of the heart still thine only,
 Thine own to its core.

But if the first trouble
 Thy young heart has known,
 Can shake thy affection
 So soon on its throne —
 Though from this love, Irene,
 Come sorrow and care —
 Come years full of anguish,
 Come death and despair —
 If thou shrink'st from one trial
 Which Time may reveal,
 Such love thou ne'er dream'st of
 As I for thee feel.

SPRING FANCIES.

BY THE LATE KENNETH QUIVORLEY.

I.

WHERE dost thou loiter, Spring,
 While it behoveth
 Thee to cease wandering
 Where'er thou roveth,
 And to my lady bring
 The flowers she loveth.

SPRING FANCIES.

Come with thy melting skies
 Like her cheek blushing,
 Come with thy dewy eyes
 Where founts are gushing ;
 Come where the wild bee hies
 When dawn is flushing.

Lead her where by the brook
 The first blossom keepeth,
 Where, in the sheltered nook,
 The callow bud sleepeth ;
 Or with a timid look
 Through its leaves peepeth.

Lead her where on the spray
 Blithely carolling,
 First birds their roundelay
 For my lady sing —
 But keep, where'er she stray
 True-love blossoming.

II.

Thou wak'st again, oh Earth !
 Freshly and new,
 As when at Spring's first birth
 First flow'rets grew.
 Heart ! that to earth doth cling,
 While boughs are blossoming,
 Why wake not too ?
 Long thou in sloth hath lain,
 Listing to love's soft strain —
 Wilt thou sleep on ?
 Playing, thou sluggard heart !
 In life no manly part,
 Though youth be gone.
 Wake ! 'tis Spring's quick'ning breath
 Now o'er thee blown ;
 Awake thee ! and ere in death
 Pulseless thou slumbereth,
 Pluck but from Glory's wreath
 One leaf alone !

III.

Away to the forest shades,
 Gertrude, with me ;
 Away, where through sunlit glades
 Sports the wind free,
 Where in the bosky dell,
 While its young leaflets swell,
 Gaily each floral bell
 Ringeth for thee.

Hark, how the blue-bird's throat
 High warbling o'er us,
 Chimes with the thrush's note
 Floating before us ;
 Come thou my gentle one,
 Thy voice is missed alone,
 Come, let love's whisper'd tone
 Swell the bright chorus.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Impressions of America; during the years 1833, 1834, and 1835—By Tyrone Power, Esquire.—Philadelphia. Carey, Lea, and Blanchard. 2 vols. 12mo.

THESE volumes, barring a little rudeness, are exceedingly entertaining. There are here and there words which might be thought offensive by the over-scrupulous, but they are perfectly delicate when compared with "my daughter Fanny's" *obstrepolosities*. Their chief merit is, that they are totally free from affectation, and sincerely expressive of their author's feelings and sentiments. Some persons have said that they were published for the sake of "plastering" this country; so that Mr. Power, the actor, might be received with applause on his return to the American theatres, and to a permanent residence in New Jersey; which ends he had in view when he went away. Were this among his objects, it is innocent enough. He certainly, if it were his intention to return, would have been a fool to have abused us. He would have been "Lynched" by some sensitive mob, full of whiskey and patriotism, on first setting foot upon our shores; and his own "agricultural speculators" of countrymen, shillelah in hand, would have been foremost in the business. As it is, he has secured to himself lasting popularity on this side of the water—and we are glad of it; for we know of no one, whose merits as an actor or an author, of no mean pretensions, are more worthy of positive approbation. That he is a gentleman, too, we have little doubt; but, contrary to the practice of theatre-going masters and misses among us, we have taken no pains to examine into the fact; not believing that the public have any intimate concern with the personal habits or private character of one who can essentially contribute to their amusement by acting or writing. While we are upon this subject, we may as well give vent to the unqualified disgust with which we have at times been inspired by the senseless adulation which has been freely bestowed upon certain foreign artists. Mr. Power probably received no more attention than was his due as a pleasant boon companion and a person of agreeable manners and conversation; but there are those who have been so flattered out of their propriety, that an unbearable insolence has indicated the degree of gratitude or respect with which they were disposed to reciprocate the favours which have been so injudiciously lavished.

When will our people learn, that to inspire respect in others they must know how to respect themselves? Mr. Power was treated with kindness and courtesy (as far as we can ascertain from his volumes), but with no absurd or obtrusive attention, which is the occasion of his entertaining so high an opinion of his American friends and patrons. We do not believe, however, that he had other than two objects in view in printing his journal: viz. that of making money and of amusing the public here and at home. We are happy to perceive that he is likely to succeed in both. Without attempting to discuss gravely his merits as a writer of taste or judgment,

we shall simply prove to our readers the truth of the remark with which we set out—that his book is exceedingly entertaining.

We are, at the commencement, amused by a Dedication to the public, which would be better if the idea were more original. Passing over the Preface, which not one person in a thousand will read, we come to certain reflections on leaving home and parting with kind friends, which rather show a warm heart than wise head, as the sentiments have been worn threadbare by the constant use of every journalist who happened to have a small family to cry about. But the tear in the eye is prelude to a smile on the lip; for an author goes on shipboard with the pleasantest face imaginable. The last persons whom he sees are some Irish boys, among whom he generously distributes the few shillings he had left in his pocket, leaving himself without cross or coin, “saving only a couple of luck pennies; the one an American gold eagle, the present of an amiable gentlewoman; the other a crooked sixpence, suspended by a crimson ribbon, the offering of “a fair maid of the inn;” given to him on the very eve of sailing day, with many kind wishes, *all of which have been realized.*” We should really like to know what those wishes were, and also what Mr. Power left with the fair maid in exchange for his sixpence. After being possessed of the above important piece of intelligence, we get fairly on ship-board with our voyager, and a more delightful passage we should not care to make than that which is rendered so amusing in description. The linen sheets in his berth are fairly made poetical, by being called as “white as ever lassie lifted off the sunny side of a brae, at whose foot brawled the burn to which her labour owed its freshness.” Breakfast and dinner are described *con amore*: the author very sensibly declares the former to be his favorite meal. As sensibly he condemns the eating of supper after dining at four o’clock: though the substitute he recommends is, to say the least, questionable, viz., “one cigar, and one tumbler of weak Holland’s grog, better named swizzle.” We cannot “cotton” either to the Cogniac or Schiedam shortly after breakfast; though of the two we agree in the deliberate opinion that Schiedam is preferable. Dutchmen take it as a *nipper* before breakfast, instead of the Saratoga-water, with which the purveyors of the good ship, Europe, cannot be too much lauded for having plentifully supplied their stores. Every body who has been to sea will pronounce the following done to the life.

“Tuesday, 13th.—One of the most lovely days possible: all the morning we have been observing a large ship right ahead, on which we draw rapidly, though a stern chase is proverbially a long chase. The alley all alive, books and pencils in great demand: odds offered freely that this ship is the Tallahassie, Captain Glover, which sailed from Liverpool on the morning of the day we left; but owing to our taking the north channel, whilst she pursued the south, had thus gotten a decided pull upon us, besides being a very fine ship. Consultations frequent, as we neared, between the mate and the backers of the Tallahassie, adjournments to the top-gallant fore-castle constant; every spy-glass in requisition.

“We drew near; the odds rose in favour of this being the ship in question—she was a large ship, square-built and long, so was Tallahassie—she was flush deck, so was Tallahassie—had stump-royal masts, and a storm-house abaft, so had Tallahassie, hurrah! Nearer we came, less ardour amongst the backers of Tal.—nearer still, they are all silent; the alley is deserted for the fore-castle—a straggler now comes aft, with a sneaking offer of a hedge: no takers.

“One of the opposite side’s scouts next comes aft. ‘This can’t be the Tallahassie—this ship has no copper, Tallahassie had; she has a white line over her bright side, Tallahassie had not—her top-rail is white, and the yards tipped with the same colour, the Tallahassie’s were black.—In short, it could not be the Tallahassie, as any one with half an eye might have seen from the first, and might see now.’

“The latter part of the proposition was already demonstrated, for we were by this time right abeam; the former might have been disputed, although it certainly was not the Tallahassie.

“Trifles like these were all-sufficient occupation for the day, and served as subjects of conversation after. On this occasion we had for nearly the first time a com-

plete muster of our crew, the exceeding fineness of the day brought out even our sick, and there they lounged about in the sun, like weary birds pluming their ruffled feathers."

"Land Ho!" heads a flourish of eloquence about this country, which may be new abroad; but as the sentiments have been expressed in more grand—eloquent phrase, by a hundred thousand Fourth-of-July orators, we spare our readers the quotation, though at the expense of disappointing their vanity. We give our author's first impression of New-York.

"On landing at the Battery, our first visit was to an office of the customs here; and, instead of the dogged, sulky, bribe-demanding scowl, too commonly encountered from our own low-class officials, who seem to consider the custom-house as a means rather of annoyance to the lieges than a protection to trade, we were met by civility, respect, and prompt despatch. The luggage we had brought with us on shore was not subjected to the least examination, and we went on our way highly pleased. First impressions give their colour to succeeding matters; and surely those derived from my encounter with the officials of a service at best annoying, were much in favour of the land.

"On entering the quiet Bowling Green, where many of the houses have coloured fronts, and all gayly painted jalousies, with trees shadowing the *stoups*, I was reminded of Cape Town: but the impression was momentary; a few yards on, and the long line of Broadway, with its crowded side-walks, showy shops, and numerous hotels, at once transports you back to Europe; and, were it not for the sprinkling of black faces with which the mass is chequered, one might swear oneself in Paris on some portion of the Boulevards not altogether familiar to the eye, but offering most of the points needful to prove identity, from the monkey and hurdy-gurdy of the Savoyard, the *blouse* of the carman and *Conducteur*, to the swagger of the citizen-soldier, and the mincing step and '*tournure charmante*' of the *belles*. The fronts of the *cafés* and hotels, too, as you pass along, you perceive to be covered by chairs occupied by similar loungers to those on the Boulevards.

"Such were my impressions whilst moving on a hot day from the Battery to the City Hotel, and so give I them place here; since I have often, after a long residence in a place, found myself referring back to these first glimpses, when desirous to present it at once fresh and comprehensive to the eye of the stranger, and for such these sketches are chiefly designed."

Though designed for the eye of the stranger, these same sketches will be found highly interesting to Americans; but, having got our author fairly on shore, our limits bid us to proceed with less particularity, and only allow us to stop here and there with Mr. Power on his journey, by way of giving a spice of what capital fun the reader will find who chooses to accompany him after his own pleasure and leisure through every city, town, and village "from Nachitoches to Marblehead."

We shall confine our extracts to the first volume, as we consider this far better than the second. Here is a sentence occurring in a description, which shows that the author has genuine poetic feeling.

"It is a lovely ramble by all lights, and I have viewed it by all,—in the blaze of noon, and by the sober gray of summer twilight: I have ridden beneath its wooded heights, and through its overhanging masses of rare foliage, in the alternate bright cold light and deep shade of a cloudless moon: and again, when tree, and field, and flower, were yet fresh and humid with the heavy dew, and sparkling in the glow of early morning."

Referring to the ignorance of the German residents in Pennsylvania, of recent political occurrences, they are said to be "usually found a little in arrear."

"At Election times, or on occasions of extraordinary stir, when a man is striving to render them *au courant* with late occurrences, they will now and then interrupt their informant with—"Bud why de teufel doesent Vashington come down de Nord and bud it all to rights?"

Many of our readers will recognize the fidelity of this description of that best of Hotels, the Tremont House in Boston.

"My last, though not least, lion of Boston is the 'Tremont House,' which being, in my opinion, the very best of the best class of large hotels in the Union, I shall select as a specimen.

"With externals I have little to do, although the architecture of this fine building might well claim a particular description: its frontage is nearly two hundred feet, with two wings about one hundred each in depth; it is three stories high in front above the basement, and the wings are each of four stories: the number of rooms, its proprietor informed me, amount to two hundred, independent of kitchens, cellars, and other offices: it contains hot and cold baths, and is, in fact, wanting in nothing essential to the character of a well-contrived hotel.

"The curious part of the affair, however, to a European, and more especially an Englishman, is the internal arrangement of such a huge institution, the machinery by which it is so well and so quietly regulated.

"Let the reader reflect, that here are two public tables daily, one for men resident in the house, together with many gentlemen of the city, who regularly dine here; the other for ladies or families who have not private apartments: of the latter there are a dozen, consisting of two or more chambers attached to each parlour; these are seldom occupied, and have also to be provided for: add to all this an occasional dinner or supper to large public parties, and he will then be enabled to appreciate the difficulties and to do justice to the system which works as I shall presently describe.

"At half-past seven A. M. the crash of a gong rattles through the remotest galleries, to rouse the sleepers: this you may hear or not, just as you choose; but sound it does, and loudly. Again, at eight, it proclaims breakfast on the public tables: as I never made my appearance at this meal, I cannot be expected to tell how it may be attended. The lover of a late *déjeuner* may either order his servant to provide one in his own room, or at any hour, up to noon, direct it to be served in the common hall: it will, in either case, consist of whatever he may desire that is in the house.

"At three o'clock, dinner is served in a well-proportioned, well-lighted room, seventy feet long by thirty-one wide, occupied by two parallel tables, perfectly appointed, and provided with every delicacy of the season, well dressed and in great abundance,—the French cooking the best in the country,—this *par parenthèse*. Mean time the attendance is very sufficient for a man not in a "devouring rage," and the wines of every kind really unexceptionable to any reasonable *gourmet*.

"At this same hour, let it be borne in mind the same play is playing in what is called the ladies' dining-room, where they sit surrounded by their husbands, fathers, brothers, or lovers, as may be; and surely having no meaner table-service. As for the possessors of an apartment, these persons order dinner for as many as they please, at what hour they please, and in what style they please, the which is duly provided in their respective parlours.

"In the public rooms tea is served at six, and supper at nine o'clock; it being yet a marvel to me, first, how all these elaborate meals are so admirably got up, and next, how the plague these good people find appetite to come to time with a regularity no less surprising.

"It was a constant subject of no little amusement to me to observe a few of the knowing hands hanging about, as feeding-time drew near, their ears on the prick and their eyes on the door, which is thrown open at the first bellow of the gong.

"As to the indecent pushing and driving, so amusingly described by some travellers, I never saw a symptom of it in any hotel I visited throughout the country: on the contrary, the absence of extraordinary bustle and confusion, where such numbers have to be provided for, is not the least striking part of the affair; and only to be accounted for by supposing that the habit of living thus together, and being in some sort accountable to one another, renders individuals more considerate and courteous than they can afford to be when congregated to feed amongst us.

"I confess that, at first, a dinner of a hundred, or a hundred and fifty persons, on a hot day, alarmed me; but, the strangeness got over, I rather liked this mode of living, and, as a stranger in a new country, would certainly prefer it to the solitary mum-chance dinner of a coffee-room.

"By eleven o'clock at night the hive is hushed, and the house as quiet as any well-ordered citizen's proper dwelling. The servants in this establishment were

all Irish lads; and a civilier or better-conducted set of boys, as far as the guests were concerned, I never saw, or would desire to be waited on by. The bar was also well conducted, under the care of an obliging and very active person; and the proprietor, Mr. Boyden, or his father, constantly on the spot, both most active in all matters conducive to the ease and comfort of the visitors."

Our author most judiciously praises, among other excellent things about New-York, Mrs. Bradshaw's fried chickens, with *sauce tartarre*; upon which he dined at Harlaem." We can ourselves bear personal testimony to the excellence of that dish, and take this occasion to assure the eating world that "to fry" is to serve up a chicken to perfection.

Did our limits allow, we would quote the chapter entitled "The Steamboat," which is to the life.

Mr. Power has the eye of a true man of genius for a fine horse. His remarks on this subject are quite "knowing." On almost every occasion he mounts the box with the driver of the stage-coach, as much for the purpose of conversation as for a more extended view of the country about. The description of the drive with "Mr. Tolly" from Baltimore to Washington is an amusing instance.

"The team was a capital one, and stuck to their dirty work like terriers. Some of the holes we scrambled safely by would, I seriously think, have swallowed coach and all up: the wheels were frequently buried up to the centre; and more than once we had three of our cattle down together all of-a-heap, but with whip and voice Mr. Tolly always managed to pick them out and put them on their legs again; indeed, as he said, if he could only see his leaders' heads well up, he felt 'pretty certain the coach must come through, slick as soap.'

"Mr. Tolly and myself very soon grew exceedingly intimate; a false reading of his having at starting inspired him with a high opinion of my judgment, and stirred his blood and mettle, both of which were decidedly game.

"Whilst smoking my cigar, and holding on by his side with as unconcerned an air as I could assume, I, in one of our pauses for breath, after a series of unusually heavy lurches, chanced to observe, by way of expressing my admiration, 'This is a real *varmint* team you've got hold on, Mr. Tolly.'

"How did you find that out, sir?" cries Tolly, biting off about a couple of ounces of 'baccy.

"Why, it's not hard to tell so much, after taking a good look at them, I guess," replied I.

"Well, that's rum, any how! but, I guess, you're not far out for once," answers Mr. Tolly, with a knowing grin of satisfaction: 'sure enough, they are all from Vermont,* and I am Vermont myself as holds 'em.—All mountain boys, horses and driver—real Yankee flesh and blood; and they can't better them, I know, neither one nor t'other, this side the Potomac.'†

We would quote entire the account of the Fancy Ball at Washington, were it exactly fair to steal the very best thing of the kind in the book. His meeting with a certain celebrated personage is laughable, and truly characteristic—

"One afternoon, about dusk, being on my way to a family party at the house occupied by the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Southard, I thought I had run down my distance, and began an inspection of the outward appearance of the houses, all puzzling alike, when a couple of men, lounging round a corner, single file, smoking their cigars, chanced to cross my track. Addressing the rearmost, I inquired, "Pray, sir, do you chance to know which of the houses is Mr. Southard's, the senator from New Jersey?"

* Vermont is a State famous for its wild mountain scenery, and having a breed of horses unequalled for hardihood, fine temper, and bottom: they are found all over the States, and are every where in high esteem.

† The River Potomac is held to be the dividing line between the northern and southern States.

"'I do know where Mr. Southard's house is,' replied the stranger, eyeing me as I fancied somewhat curiously; 'though it is not exactly opposite. But surely you and I have met before now,—more than once too, or I am greatly mistaken!'"

"'That is more than probable, sir,' replied I, 'if you are fond of a play. My name is Power, Mr. Power of the theatre.'"

"'I thought so,' cried the stranger, holding out his hand; adding cordially, 'My name, sir, is Clay, Henry Clay of the senate; and I am glad, Mr. Power, that we are now personally acquainted.'"

"I need hardly say, I joined in expressing the pleasure I derived from any chance which had procured me this honour, begging that I may not detain him longer."

"'But stop, Mr. Power,' said the orator;—'touching Mr. Southard's;—you observe yonder long-sided fellow propping up the post-office down below; only that he is waiting for me I'd accompany you to the house; which, however, you can't miss if you'll observe that it's the very next square but one.'"

"With many thanks for his politeness, I here parted from Mr. Clay, to pursue my way according to his instructions, whilst he passed forward to join the tall gentleman, who waited for him at some distance near the public building which he had humourously described him as propping up."

"An accidental interview of this kind, however brief, will do more to prejudice the judgment for or against a man than a much longer and more ceremonious intercourse. I confess my impressions on this occasion were all in Mr. Clay's favour; they were confirmatory of the *bon-homme* and playful humour ascribed to him by his friends and admirers, who are to be found throughout every part of the country."

Here is a story illustrative of the deference with which Yankee servants treat one other, and the little deference shown to their masters in conversation, which is too funny not to be somewhat exaggerated.

"I went out on one occasion to partake of a fine black bear, that had been killed at a house famous for the plenty, the quality, and cooking of game. There were eight or nine men of the party, some of whom had ridden out on horseback: in going over a rail-fence to the house we were to dine at, the horse I rode struck both hind feet and cast his shoes: as soon as I got into the yard, where some of the party had already dismounted, I inquired for the hostler. A good-humoured, active-looking fellow immediately made his appearance, with whom, being desirous to have my nag's feet looked after before we set out on our return, I was led into the following dialogue."

"'Pray, have you a smithy in this neighbourhood?'"

"'We've gotten a blacksmith or two, I guess.'"

"'At what distance is the nearest blacksmith's forge?'"

"'Well, I don't 'no; there is a shop about half a mile may be, or ther'bouts.'"

"'Can you have this horse taken down there to get two hind shoes put on?'"

"'Guess not, 'cept I car' him down myself.'"

"'Well, will you carry him down yourself?'"

"'Well, you see, I can't tell about that nohow at present. Guess I will, if I can tho', by an' by.'"

"'But why can't you say whether you will or will not? I'll pay you for your trouble. Have you any objection to taking the horse down?'"

"'Oh no! not at all, by no means. I've no objection nohow to obleege you, if, you see, I can find some other gentleman to look after my horses whiles I go.'"

"My companions, who had been enjoying this cross-examination of my equivocal friend, now laughed outright, and heartily did I join in the guffaw: they were to 'the manner born,' and it was my puzzled expression that so tickled them; to me, after the first surprise was over, the whole thing was indiscribly droll. I caught instantly 'another gentleman,' an idler about the public-house door, who for a shilling, found the cast shoes, and undertook to do for the horses whilst the first gentleman, of the stable, led my nag away to the forge."

"This was a very fair specimen, but we were to be favoured with another and a better. Mr. T. P——s, a son of the Colonel's, one of the foremost citizens of this State, was driven out in his English landau, with certain delicacies not to be expected where we dined. As the coachman, who was a servant of the old Colonel's, drew up by the inn-door, he was immediately recognised, and saluted most cordially by the landlord; who, addressing him by his name,—Jenkins, or whatever it was,—hoped he was quite well, and was 'uncommon glad to see him.'"

During this ceremony, Mr. P——s had alighted; and, in order to be particularly civil, observed with great good-humour to the landlord,

"Ah, my friend, what, you remember Jenkins, do you?"

"Why yes, I guess I ought," replied our host of the game; 'I've know'd Muster Jenkins long onough, seein' he's the *gentleman* as used to drive old Tom P——s's coach.'

"The fact was, the man knew the Colonel—or old Tom P——s, as he styled him, quite well, but had forgotten Mr. P——s, who had been much in Europe, and was, moreover, put quite out of his latitude by the English landau Mr. Jenkins was driving: he guessed, I suppose, that this *gentleman* had hired a new master, and had consequently turned off the family of his old one."

The same spirit of romancing and exaggeration, we guess, pervades the laughable and ingenious account of meeting with an old countryman at Niagara, whom his guide under the "great fall" turns out to be.

"Och, blur an' 'oons! Mr. Power, sure it's not yer honour that's come all this way from home!"

"An explanation took place; when I found that our guide, whom I had seen some two years before as a helper in the stable of my hospitable friend Smith Barry, at Foaty, was this summer promoted to the office of 'Conductor,' as he styled himself, under the waterfall.

"And a most whimsical 'conductor' he proved. His cautions, and 'devil a fears!' and 'not a hap'orth o' danger!' must have been mighty assuring to the timid or nervous, if any such ever make this experiment, which, although perfectly safe, is not a little startling.

"His directions,—when we arrived at the point where the mist, pent in beneath the overhanging rock, makes it impossible to distinguish any thing, and where the rush of air is so violent as to render respiration for a few seconds almost impracticable,—were inimitable.

"Now, yer honour!" he shouted in my ear—for we moved in Indian file,—'whisper the next gentleman to follow you smart; and, for the love o' God! shoulder the rock close, stoop yer heads, and shut fast yer eyes, or yer wont be able to see an inch!"

"I repeated my orders verbatim, though the cutting wind made it difficult to open one's mouth.

"Now thin, yer honour," he cried cowering down as he spoke, 'do as ye see me do; hould yer breath, and scurry after like devils!"

"With the last word away he bolted, and was lost to view in an instant. I repeated his instructions however to the next file, and, as directed, scurried after.

"This rather difficult point passed, I came upon my countryman waiting for us within the edge of the curve described by this falling ocean; he grasped my wrist firmly as I emerged from the dense drift, and shouted in my ear,

"Luk up, sir, at the green sea that's rowlin' over uz! Murder! but iv it only was to take a shlope in on uz!"

"Here we could see and breathe with perfect ease; and even the ludicrous gestures and odd remarks of my poetical countryman could not wholly rob the scene of its striking grandeur.

"I next passed beyond my guide as he stood on tiptoe against the rock upon a ledge of which we trod, and under his direction attained that limit beyond which the foot of man never pressed. I sat for one moment on the Termination Rock, and then followed my guide back to my companions, when together we once more 'scurried' into day.

"Isn't it illegant, sir?" began the 'Conductor,' as soon as we were well clear of the mist.

"Isn't it a noble sight intirely? Caps the world for grandness any way, that's sartain!"

"I need hardly say that in this opinion we all joined loudly; but Mr. Conductor was not yet done with us,—he had now to give us a taste of his 'larnin'.

"I wish ye'd take notice, sir," said he, pointing across the river with an air of authority and a look of infinite wisdom. 'Only take a luk at the falls, an' you'll see that Shakspeare is out altogether about the discription.'

"How's that, Pat?" inquired I, although not a little taken aback by the authority so gravely quoted by my critical friend.

"Why, sir, Shakspeare first of all says that there's two falls; now, ye may

see wid your own eyes that it's one river sure, and one fall, only for the shtrip o' rock that makes two afid."

"This I admitted was evident; whilst Pat gravely went on.

"'Thin agin, only luck here, sir; Shakspeare says, 'The cloud-cap tower;' why, if he'd ever taken the trouble to luk at it, he'd seen better than that; an' if he wasn't a fool,—which I'm sure he wasn't, bein' a grand poet,—he'd know that the clouds never can rise to cap the tower, by reason that it stands up above the fall, and that the current for ever sets down."

"Again I agreed with him, excusing Shakspeare's discrepancies on the score of his never having had a proper guide to explain these matters.

"'I don't know who at all showed him the place,' gravely responded Pat; 'but it's my belief he never was in id at all at all, though the gintleman that tould me a heap more about it swears for sartin that he was.'

"This last remark, and the important air with which the doubt was conveyed, proved too much for my risible faculties, already suffering some constraint, and I fairly roared out in concert with my companion, who had been for some time convulsed with laughter."

We might make several further quotations to prove the truth of the observation with which we commenced this notice. We have neither space nor inclination to examine more deeply into the merits of the work; it has already been received here with general approbation, and we hope that Mr. Power will soon return to the country, and meet with the reward which the public, both reading and theatrical, seem willing to bestow.

Reminiscences of an intercourse with Mr. Niebuhr, the historian, by Dr. Lieber.

THERE is nothing more interesting, and at the same time more instructive, than the private opinions of a public man—provided he be one who owes his elevation to his own genius—and especially when the politician and the man of science are united in his person. But living in a public capacity, associating with the generality of mankind, with the barrier of etiquette and ceremony for ever drawn before their feelings, and for ever guarding their expressions; knowing, as all men of the world do, the necessity of maintaining in their intercourse with society the Italian maxim of the "*volto sciolto, pensieri stretti*!" it is seldom indeed that we are favored with the true and undisguised sentiments of such persons. In proportion to its rarity is the eagerness with which men have ever sought after this species of information; we have only to observe the avidity with which the private memoirs of illustrious persons are devoured. A remark of little importance in itself, yet recorded as the familiar saying of a great hero or statesman, seizes upon our fancy; not for its own intrinsic worth, but because we would know how such men think and feel, not in the camp or in the senate-house, not as statesmen and generals, but as members of the great human commonwealth, as links of the one mighty chain which binds together in a bond of sympathy the lowest with the most exalted of God's creatures.

In the volume now before us we have not only much which is interesting in this point of view, but we have a vast fund of curious information of the most valuable nature, conveyed in the most agreeable form. We are presented with a clear view of the character, feelings, and opinions, upon every variety of subject, of one of the first scholars of this or any other age, by one, who, living with him in the most intimate and familiar relation, was enabled to observe every minute particular of his character and conduct; and who, even at the early age in which he enjoyed this privilege, had sufficient taste and learning to appreciate the qualities of his illustrious

associate. The name of *Niebuhr* is too widely spread over the civilized world to render any remarks upon him other than superfluous. Holding for many years the highest official situations, but still more eminent for his historical and scientific researches and writings; and joining to his all-embracing genius the most perfect integrity and moral worth; the opinions of such a man can to no one be a matter of indifference.

The account of the author's journey to Rome, of his enthusiastic desire to behold the Eternal City, of the petty difficulties which were thrown in his way, his ingenuity in overcoming them, and his introduction to Mr. Niebuhr—who then held the situation of Russian minister in Rome; all these particulars are given with a simplicity and truth which is particularly attractive. Indeed, one of the chief charms of the work consists in its perfect sincerity, in the total absence of exaggeration, which at once gives the reader the utmost confidence in his author, and seems to establish a bond of union between them.

Admitted to the confidence of the minister, becoming the constant companion of his private hours, Dr. Lieber did not neglect the opportunity which thus presented itself of collecting the sentiments, feelings, and opinions of this celebrated man; and now that death has set its seal upon the scholar's fame, he does not hesitate to publish those remarks, which, as he observes in his Introduction to the work, can "neither betray his confidence, nor injure the private interest of any person."

He accordingly makes known to us the views of Mr. Niebuhr upon history—upon the great men, whether of ancient or of modern times—whether authors, statesmen, politicians, or artists. He presents us with the historian's clear-sighted observations upon politics, literature, and the fine arts; upon the dialects of various nations, in which Mr. Niebuhr was wonderfully conversant; upon war and agriculture; and, finally, upon almost every subject calculated either for entertainment or instruction. He relates to us upon the same unquestionable authority many curious facts hitherto unknown or disregarded; various original anecdotes, and valuable aphorisms or remarks. The style throughout is agreeable, and the language remarkable for its purity; an observation which we are tempted to make in considering the volume as the production of a foreigner.

In a word, this work goes far to sustain the author's already well-earned reputation, and by blending so much entertainment with so much instruction, may fairly take its place, whether in the library of the profound scholar, or among the lighter volumes of the man of taste and literature.

The Outcast, and other Poems; by S. G. Goodrich. Russel, Shattuck, and Williams: Boston. pp. 200. 12mo.

"WHOM the Gods love die young!"—We will venture to hazard the conjecture that the author of this volume has arrived at a premature old age; or, if his steps have not as yet declined into the vale of years, that the measure of his days will be full—yea, even to running over; for loved he cannot be, either of gods or men; and we doubt not that the context of the foregoing quotation is true, viz. "Whom the gods love *not* die *old*." With hair all white and silvery, older than the oldest of the revolutionary patriots, or the venerable Miss Joice Heth, will this Nestor among poets exist, till he shall commingle with the earth from the simple effect of decay. The gods on Parnassus, who receive the spirits of the votaries of the muse, will reasonably defer the society of his genius as long as possible, and allow him to favor this mundane sphere with his tremendous strains, till he shall become the Methusaleh as he is now the Jubal of his time.

From the preface we learn that these poems "were written within the last ten years, in moments snatched from engrossing cares, and under circumstances little propitious to a *cultivation of intercourse with the muse!*" How exceedingly kind! and what a confidence and reliance on the goodness of the public is here manifested! To give us the results of leisure hours, spent in dalliance with the muse, yet, as it appears from his own confession, not having received many of her favors! Moreover, these poems were written "*to serve occasional purposes.*" That they will be applied by readers to "*occasional purposes,*" we cannot for a moment doubt; and we ought to feel grateful to our author, who always stands ready to "serve" us with not only "second-hand articles," but "way-side scatterings." "These circumstances," to employ the elegant language of the preface, "are not stated at the bar of criticism, in mitigation of punishment, should the verdict be against the writer: but as a proper confession on the part of him who *brings them to market.*" (It will be perceived that the author is here for a moment merged in the publisher.) "The only apologetic plea which the author ventures to offer, is, that in presenting this work to the public, he assumes no higher responsibility than that of collecting into one volume *what* has met with some favour in a *more fugitive* form, making a few additions *thereto.* If the public decide that their approval of *what* was designed to answer a transient purpose" (and which will without question be so applied) "is not to be extended to *it,*" (*viz. to what?*) "when assuming a more *ambitious shape,* he is content." Is he? well, we attribute to the meagreness of our information, and the poverty of our learning, although from our situation as editors of a magazine, very assiduous observers of literature, and readers of stuff, good, bad, and indifferent—the fact, that we have till this hour remained in the dark as to the favor with which these productions have been received. We do not wonder at it, however, seeing that we are dazzled almost to blindness by the unmitigated splendor with which they have now for the first time burst in upon us. *What* our author calls *ambitious shape,* probably refers to the copper, steel, and wood engravings, with which the volume is most superbly illustrated. He certainly cannot refer to the typography or paper, both of which are poor enough. The printing is in bad taste, almost too bad from one of whom, as a former publisher, we had a right to expect better things. We must confess, however, that more of a bookseller's tact is shown in the engravings, for they are very economically "used up;" and though we can safely assert that the verses are all new to us, we cannot say as much for the pictures, having seen them all at least once before in some annual or child's book. They are "second-hand articles;" and if the poetry should be described as such when put up at auction, they certainly would have to be knocked down as in the same lot. If we mistake not, the steel engravings are borrowed by the poet from an annual, of which he writes himself the editor—and we do not doubt it—called "The Token." Care should have been taken to have eradicated the publisher's name from the plates; the work is published by one house and the plates by another; Thomas Hood would say that the *wood cuts* might be most appositely so termed; for trees and sticks, and quantities of wood are represented to perfection. The first of these is truly sublime. The author is represented with his hat blown off his head, and his great-coat almost torn to pieces by the wind, which is crashing the forest around him at a furious rate; but our anxiety for his fate is relieved by the lines underneath, which seem about as requisite for explanation as that under the Dutchman's picture, which read, "This is a man—this, a horse!"

"I STOOD UNSCATHED WHERE OAKS WERE DASHED
TO EARTH! Page 35."

But to detain our readers any longer from the rich, intellectual banquet which we have in store for them, would be worse than cruel. Even as a crowd of hanging

visitors, on a day of feasting and merriment, stand eagerly expectant for the appearance of the smoking and delicious viands, for whose reception the servants have spread the board and are rattling the plates and glasses; so, attentive to our foregoing notes of preparation, has every reader awaited for "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," the perfume whereof has but reached our nostrils afar from our author's kitchen. Presently the reality shall appear; and let not the most sceptical and least hungry suppose that the ascending odors are deceitful; and that, like those of a certain great philosopher, the covers when lifted will display nothing but hot water. Far from it. We can show you, even at the upper end of the table, the flesh of animals which are held exceedingly rare;

"Within yon rocky chasm stoops
The *stealing panther* for its prey;
And where that wailing willow droops
The *sliding serpent* makes his way.
In that deep copse the *gray wolf* howls,
Dark vultures hover in the air,
Here by our path the *wild cat* prowls,
And near us roams the *grisly bear*."

"A stealing panther," a "sliding serpent," a "gray wolf," a "dark vulture," a "wild cat," and "a grisly bear!" If these are not enough to satisfy the ravenous appetite of *Col. Nimrod Wildfire* himself, then there are no snakes in Kentucky. Quite a menagerie! If these were alive now, and the author would advertise us when he would go into their cages and stir them up with a long pole, what a speculation he might make! A "real alligator" is all that is wanting to make perfect his collection of "varmint." But we are plunging in *medias res*—let us proceed deliberately.

Little, if any thing, is wanting to make "the Outcast, and other Poems," perfect in all its parts. There is not only a stamped gold hasp on the outside, but a Dedication within; and what is a modern book of poems without a pretty exterior, and an invocation to the Muse or the public? After the Preface comes a square woodcut, with what propriety we cannot tell, except that the space is just large enough to hold it. With about as much appositeness the next page is headed *Dedication*. Such little obscurities, however, are referrible to the sublimity and vastness of the author's mind, which soars boldly above minute accuracies. No reason under the bright Heaven, that we can perceive, bears witness to the fitness of lugging into these dedicatory lines a comparison between our pilgrim fathers and the crusaders "Richard, Conrad, Bohemond, and Co." except that something was necessary to be said about the Frontispiece, which represents knights in armor and on horseback. Our author's peculiarity of epithets is the only remarkable feature in this piece. He calls the crusaders "*hot crusaders*;" alluding to the very warm weather in Syria. Indulging here the same love for ferocious beasts (*feræ naturæ*) that distinguished the verses already quoted, he writes—

"The howling panther left his grisly lair."

We come next to "THE OUTCAST." The opening is truly dramatic. *Scene*,—the "far west," where mountains heave on high, thunder-riven peaks, and glaciers, glittering in the distance, are industriously weaving a sapphire curtain for the sky. Nature is introduced in frolic childhood, playing with the hills after the manner in which boys play with bubbles. *Time*—That dim age when the moon and sun first looked down from Heaven and "met no crushing foot of mastodon," set on the bosom of the prairie. *Outcast loquitur*. The above scene and time are described by him after the manner of the ancient Chorus. He then addresses the "Stranger!"

with an awful account of several fierce animals, in which we are reminded of David Crockett's stories about licking a "sawagerous" panther out of his skin, and grinning at a coon till he had grinned the bark off the tree on which the "crittur" was perched; and "prehaps, straanger! I can whip my weight in wild cats." That — Outcast, Esquire, had a pretty tough encounter may be guessed from the following horrid avowal —

"One crime hath twined with *serpent coil*
 Around my heart its *fatal fold*;
 And though my struggling bosom toil
 To heave the monster from its hold—
 It will not from its victim part.
 By day or night, in down (?) or dell,
 Where'er I roam, still, still my heart
 Is pressed by that *sad serpent spell*.
 Aye, as the *strangling boa* clings
 Around his prey with *fatal grasp*,
 And as he feels each struggle, *wrings*
 His victim with a closer clasp;
 Nor yet till every pulse is dumb
 And every fluttering spasm o'er,
 Releases, *what*, in death o'ercome
 Can strive or struggle now no more;
 So is my wrestling spirit *wrung*,
 By that one deep and deadly sin,
 That will not, while I live, be flung
 From its sad work of woe within."

"Sad work," indeed! The perspiration of fright stands in big drops upon our brow as we read. Mrs. Radcliffe's horrors are cakes and gingerbread to those of Mr. Goodrich. It occurs to us, in this place, that our author's acquaintance with the nature and habits of those beasts usually exhibited in a Grand Caravan arises from his having once edited an edition of Buffon, and from having superintended the compilation of a work for youth of both sexes, entitled "Peter Parley's Natural History of Animals." (We beg leave to take this opportunity to recommend this little book to our readers as a highly valuable treatise. It may be found — neatly done up in cloth, and lettered — at all bookseller's shops — Price 37½ cents.) The degree of scientific research displayed in this wonderful poem astonishes us no less than the remarkable originality of thought and the grace of style.

The Outcast becomes vagarious. He sees several things in his travels. Shakespeare's waves,

"curling their monstrous heads,"

are nothing to this amplification of the same idea —

"Long, long I watched the waves, whose whirls
 Leaped up the rocks their brows to kiss,
 And dallied with the sea-weed curls
 That stooped and met, as if in bliss."

Old Ocean is soon after rendered still more awfully sublime by being called —

"a fearful thing,
 A giant with a scowling form,
 Who from his bosom seemed to fling
 The blackened billows to the storm.
 The wailing winds in terror gushed
 From the swart sky, and seemed to lash
 The foaming waves, which madly rushed
 Toward the tall cliff, with headlong dash."

Upward the glittering spray was sent,
Backward the *growling* surges whirled,
And splintered rocks, by lightnings rent,
Down thundering midst the waves were hurled. (!)

He, who could ever compose another syllable after having given vent to this stupendous effort, must be sheer mad with inspiration. The tempest is really more awful in description than it could have been in reality.

"Stranger! a smile is on thy brow ;"

exclaims the Outcast in the thirteenth part or division of his story ; meaning, thereby, an incredulous smile ; for, " perhaps you count it but a dream !" No ! we count it no such thing, — we would believe every word of it could we arrive at the most distant comprehension of its sense. However, as near as we can guess, he is off in Arkansas territory,

"Arkansas' " sounds, like distant dreams,
Come whispering to my practised ear."

But we hurry along — and a light breaks upon our understanding at the opening of the sixteenth part,

"Stranger! a murderer stands before thee !"

Was there ever a reward offered for his apprehension ? If so, why does not the author turn an honest penny, by pointing out the hiding-place of this criminal ? No — It appears that he only killed a friend in a duel ; and that, stung by remorse, he is dashing furiously from place to place, utterly regardless of danger. And here tumultuously rush in our author's favorites, the wild beasts again, helter-skelter.

"I wandered forth, I wandered far ;
In dank lagoons where reptiles fed,
Where oozy swamps, with shuddering jar
Seemed shrinking from my maniac tread,
I strode at noon, I slept at night, —
The scaly lizard fled in fear,
The stealing serpent shunned my sight,
But shook his warning rattles near.

* * * * *

The bear fled howling to his den
The wolf yarred (!) at me and his glare
Lit the dark hollows of the glen,
The startled wild horse from me flew,
Rending the rock, with clattering heel ;
The panther shrunk before my view,
But woke the wood with wailing peal.
Within a cave I made my bed,
Red adders came like spectres gay —
In wild festoons above my head,
They mocked my slumber with their play.
I saw them in their horrid dyes,
Lighting the chasms dim and deep —
Like writhing yeast their gleaming eyes
All bubbling o'er the braided heap.
My mind grew dark — my gloomy breast
Was like some grisly glen at night,
Where vultures startled from their rest
Steal glimmering to the cheated sight —

Where *panthers* howling in their caves
 Waken the ear with accents fell:
 Where sighing woods and gurgling waves
 Bespeak some *nightmare* of the dell."

This last must be a rare species. We do not remember ever to have seen it mentioned in any work on Zoology. But to refer back to our simile of an intellectual banquet, what could a bill of fare present more attractive than one furnished in the above lines, "Festoons of adders bubbling all their gleamy eyes over a braided heap, like writhing yeast!" Frightened as were all these animals, so thrillingly described, at sight of "the Outcast," he has not yet quite done with them; but tells us of "the moan of wolves," "the panther's wail," and "the whippoorwill's complaining song;" and afterwards we are favored with "a sky-bent eagle," "an antelope," "timed deer," a "wild goat," "the mocking-bird," "the spider," "buzzing insects" of various kinds, "no toad," another "lizard," one more "grumbling bear," and lastly, "a wolf."

If we have not already said enough to inspire our readers with an unquenchable desire to read this "wild and wonderful" poem, we do not believe that further quotation would be effectual. We have designated the sublimest passages; and, having already exceeded our limits, which, except in so illustrious an instance, we could not have done, we must with deep regret merely glance at "other poems," which shoot up like rockets into the firmament of fame. Were we to sit in calm judgment upon their merits, and, quenching the blaze of a fervent admiration, simply state a cool opinion concerning Mr. Goodrich as a poet, we should say that he seems pitifully bewildered in the realms of fancy, and enveloped in glorious obfuscation, when treading the heights of Imagination; but that when he condescends to enter into the door of common sense, and to walk in the halls of fact, his step becomes more steady and his vision almost clear. The lines to which he has given the absurd title of "The Spirit-Court of Practice and Pretence," show that he has lucid intervals, in which he may be suffered to go at large without apprehension. We have no space for much longer quotation, but recommend the poem to the admirers of modern theatricals, with the following as a sample —

"The curtain rose, and, bursting on the view,
 From mimic bowers a form fantastic flew,
 Ample above, below, with wondrous art
 Her insect waist seemed nearly cut apart.
 With twinkling feet she came and tripped along,
 As if she floated on a fairy's song —
 No envious gauze her swelling bosom dims
 No prudish drapery hides her tapering limbs;
 Poised on her toe, she twirling flew around,
 Then upward leapt with high aerial bound —
 And then — but stay! the decent muse must pause
 And drop the curtain midst the loud applause!"

We believe it is generally understood that our poet has written hitherto under the amiable appellation of "Peter Parley;" and as a compiler of children's books, he has, we learn, been exceedingly successful. We congratulate him upon the brilliant prospect which opens before him in the new career upon which he has now entered. Although remarkably fortunate heretofore in "the book line," he may consider that he has now found the "open sesame" to hordes of uncounted wealth; and after the present work shall have passed through a hundredth edition, we hope the world will call to mind the excellence of our parting advice to the author; which is, that he will not suffer himself to be persuaded by injudicious friends to return to his old trade of patching up books and pictures into multifarious shapes; but, rather look-

ing to the fame which has attended his late poetical effort, he will, regardless of all former works, like an indefatigable literary cobbler, "stick to his last."

Traits of American Life.—By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.—Philadelphia : E. L. Carey & A. Hart.—1 vol. 12mo. pp. 298.

MRS. HALE has been long and favorably known to the American public as the Editor of the Ladies' Magazine and the author of many popular works—of which we believe that a novel in two volumes, called "Northwood," was the first. We remember, when a boy, to have read that story with great pleasure; and, in maturer age, from a perusal of this, her latest production, we have derived no less real gratification. Her style is peculiarly graceful, and there are occasional flashes of thought and happy conceptions of character, which show that were circumstances perfectly favorable to the cultivation and employment of her powers, she might win for herself a reputation certainly not inferior to that of any lady-writer in our country, and worthy of being esteemed equal to that of an Edgeworth, a Hemans, or a Mitford. The labors of her pen have been devoted to the maintenance and education of her family, and she has therefore been compelled to write a great deal, and to regard the quantity rather than the quality of her efforts. In the noble task to which she has dedicated all her mind, we are happy to know that she has nobly succeeded: and we cannot let pass the present occasion without offering to so amiable and accomplished a woman our congratulations upon the bright prospects which are beginning to open before her in the talents and character of her children. The burthen which she has borne for them will soon be removed to younger and stouter shoulders, and her descent into the valley of age will be rendered easy and pleasant. With a pride, more grateful to the heart of a mother than Cornelia's, she will say to those friends who have witnessed her literary toil, and applaud the ability of her sons, "These are my jewels."

In making these remarks, we are not obtruding into private life. One of Mrs. Hale's sons is in the Navy, where, if ever opportunity should offer, we feel assured that he would become distinguished. Another is a youth in the Junior Class of Harvard University, who was at an early age remarkable for his love and knowledge of the Oriental languages; and who, besides holding a very high rank as a student, is already distinguished for wit and brilliancy of fancy. The readers of this Magazine can judge of his promise as a poet and a writer of prose by many pieces which we have printed, under the signatures of "Elah" and "H. E. H." The papers entitled "Oriental Readings," with their beautiful translations from the Eastern poets, may justly be regarded as uncommon efforts for a youth of eighteen. We take leave to mention here an anecdote told of him as a boy, which is full as worthy of record as many which are related in the biographies of great men. After having indefatigably studied the rudiments of many Eastern tongues, he applied to a learned friend for information with regard to the best sources of acquiring a knowledge of the Chinese;—saying that it would render him perfectly happy if he could only get hold of a Chinese grammar and dictionary. To his no small delight he was at length supplied with both of these; but whether he succeeded in mastering the nasal and guttural mysteries of the language of the Celestial Empire we are not informed.

Without setting forth any reasons why our readers ought to read all Mrs. Hale's books, we have a word or two to say about the peculiar claims of the present on their approbation. The stories are well told and interesting, while each conveys an instructive moral lesson. It is peculiarly an American book, and is in every way

worthy of its title. The Lights and Shadows of American life are well delineated, and each sketch in itself would make an excellent cabinet picture. This is indeed only a "word or two," but we trust it is a word spoken in season; and that a second edition will, by being soon called for, show that the public can reward as well as appreciate female talent.

The Philosophy of Living; or, the Way to enjoy Life and its Comforts
—By Caleb Ticknor, D. D.—No. 77, Harpers' Family Library.
—New-York. Harper & Brothers.

THIS is, we believe, Dr. Ticknor's first appearance as an author, and the fact that a first effort should be judged worthy a place in the Family Library, will of itself attract notice to his publication; nor will its merits disappoint the expectations thus excited. The great object which the author has in view is to teach us the science of health—to enable us to prolong life and avoid disease. Not by rejecting all the pleasures of life, but by such a use of them as is compatible with, and promotive of, that great end.

In pursuance of this object, Dr. Ticknor shows himself a judicious friend of Temperance, but a foe to the intemperate measures of the professedly temperate of this our day—a foe to that spirit of ultraism which is abroad in the land.

The work is written in a plain and unaffected style, and will be rendered more attractive to some readers by the quaint simplicity, the quiet drollery with which some of his own views are illustrated and the errors of the ultraists exposed. We commend it with confidence to the favorable notice of all who feel that interest which all men should feel in the *Art of Living*.

The Works of Lord Byron, with his Letters and Journals, and his Life, by Thomas Moore—In six volumes, Vol. II. George Dearborn.

WE have heretofore had occasion to mention that this is the only complete uniform edition of Byron's works which has appeared either in Europe or in this country. Mr. Dearborn, we perceive by the back of the title-page, has taken out a copyright for it; and we are happy to see, by the excellent manner in which this volume is got up, that he means to make the whole set worthy of the exclusive character which is thus given to it. An exquisitely engraved portrait of the Countess Guiccioli enriches the volume. It was executed by Dick of New-York; and it gives us great pleasure to introduce to our readers such a specimen of the skill of this excellent artist.

The Parent's Assistant.—By Maria Edgeworth.—Complete in one volume. Harper & Brothers.

WHICH of our youthful readers, or of those no longer youthful, does not recall with delight the first perusal—aye the second—an—mayhap the third—of "The Little

Merchants," "Simple Susan," and "Barring Out?" We rejoice to see this collection of admirable stories brought anew before the rising generation; the many years that have elapsed since they were written has produced nothing that can or ought to supersede them.

A Life of Washington.—By James K. Paulding.—2 vols. *Harpers' Family Library.*

MR. PAULDING has been well employed in preparing this gift for the youth of his country. The character of "the man who scarcely conferred greater benefits on his country by his actions than posterity will derive from his example," cannot be too familiar to the young American; and yet, up to the present moment, there has been no biography deserving the name in popular use. Brief, but sufficiently minute in its details to illustrate every feature in the life of Washington, the memoir of Mr. Paulding well supplies the desideratum; and the strong cast of nationality about it, which some have objected to in many of the writings of this author, is here well applied, and in our opinion the best recommendation of the work. We are no cosmopolites. We have no part nor lot in that sentimental-philosophizing spirit which preaches the doing away with national distinctions, and merging the genial feeling of kindred, home, and country, in a cool and speculative regard for the human family at large. We believe that with all the prejudices and disagreeableness of character and manners which it has entailed upon the peculiar people from whom we derive our origin, their strong and exclusive nationality is at once the parent and the guardian of so much that is good and great in the English—the ever salient source of their national energy, the shield and muniment of their national integrity; in a word, the agent that has carried their proud island to her present pitch of glory. And when they tell us that it displays only a narrow and vindictive spirit to recall the horrors of the Revolution, the burnings and massacres among the inoffensive American yeomanry, or the loathsome trials to which their prison-ships condemned those who were taken in arms against them; they are striking at the very root of our national feelings by bidding us forget the price of our freedom—the sacrifices to which we owe our existence as a people. To value that freedom, we must ever be mindful what it cost; and harsh feelings *must* mingle with nobler ones when reading of those from whom it was wrung. The weak glossing over of their crimes is a manifold injustice to the dead. But in reviewing the times when those crimes were perpetrated, and according the full measure of indignation which they should call forth in every patriotic bosom, it by no means follows that a feeling of hereditary hostility must exist to their descendants. An inheritance of hatred was never bequeathed us by our fathers; and if it had been, there is no reflecting person who, in the present condition of the world, would claim the heritage. The living generation is no longer bound to espouse the animosities of that which preceded it. Men stand and fall in our day by their own deeds; but no revolution of feeling and taste can alter the relative position of parties whose acts, whether of good or evil, have now passed to the page of history. It is, therefore, we repeat, that we hold one of the best features of the book to be the unflinching manner in which Mr. Paulding, without a particle of bitterness, has painted the acts of oppression which first drove his countrymen to resistance, and the cruelties which tried their patriotism before that resistance terminated in establishing our national independence.

To estimate the value of our liberties must be the first lesson in every book, however, which treats of the men of those trying times. The second is hardly less im-

portant, and can be taught in no work so effectually as in one which commemorates the character and services of *Washington*. It is the example of high purpose, disinterested patriotism — honor — bright honor — such as the poet and novelist have ascribed to the dazzling heroes, the chivalric hosts of fictitious story, and self-sustainment such as bard and romancer never dreamt of till the annals of republican America showed that devotion to a principle was as ennobling a motive of action as loyalty to a prince. It is this last quality, this all-glorious self-sustainment which gives its godlike halo to the character of *Washington*. The successful leader of party may kindle our enthusiasm in classic literature — the upholder of ancestral aristocracy stir our blood in feudal story — we are dazzled by the Roman devotion of the one to the tenets of his political school, and fired by the knightly loyalty of the other to the prescriptive rights of his order; but each is, after all, nothing but the creature of circumstance — a being that takes his form and pressure from the opinions or the prejudices around him — a man — the breath of whose nostrils is the atmosphere that upholds him. *Washington*, however, lived in an atmosphere of his own; his free thoughts were generated in his own bosom, and the elements which sustained his soul were born and nursed into power within itself. *Napoleon* even, as compared with him, was but the skilful mechanic that works with the tools provided to his hand; a builder that carried his art perhaps beyond his age, but was, in the end, compelled to strengthen the fabric he had reared by materials drawn from the ruins around him; a patcher up of greatness, who, when he had reared the edifice of empire upon the popular will, had the meanness to resort to the trumpery of past ages to furnish the frieze and capitals of his mongrel structure; a climber that raised himself nobly indeed above the heads of others, but stooped to lean upon their shoulders the moment he had attained the highest rung of the ladder. But *Washington* stood alone; not only among men, but among the nations. He grafted himself upon no nurturing stock, but flourished from his own inherent vigor. He did not attempt to "make might right," but right itself was the vivifying principle which gave him might; and the moral grandeur of his character places him so far above earth's proudest conquerors, that in their loftiest visions of greatness they probably never conceived of glory like his. And yet the humble and the lowly-hearted are not the less able to appreciate it on that account. Unlike its vulgar counterfeit, the greatness that springs from virtue shines like Religion herself upon the soul, and sheds its cheering rays like hers, as benignantly and as fully into the most simple mind as into the understanding that is most richly cultivated. We eschew all man-worship, even of the mighty dead; but we think it well for our race that there have been some great characters, who were as good as they were great, whose souls were moulded with every lineament in just proportion; the perfect fabric of whose fame stands like some Doric temple, in severe and simple majesty, amid the more dazzling structures which Time may rear around them — monuments of what great minds have been, models of what aspiring minds may yet become. Their memory is a watch-tower on the Sea of Change, to guide the barque of human hope, and bid it never despair of the best interests of mankind. It is therefore that we would unite with the author of the book before us, in commending the character of *WASHINGTON* "to the mothers of the United States," as the noblest study they can ever offer to their children.

Mr. Paulding's biography is written in a style of unaffected and manly simplicity, which admirably adapts it to the class of readers for whom it was chiefly intended.

Corinne, or Italy.—By Madame de Staël.—2 vols. C. E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia.

WE have here a beautiful reprint of one of the most brilliant novels that was ever written. It is a copyright edition, being an American revise of a new translation recently prepared for the London Library of Standard Novels; and must at once supersede the old copies of this standard work were any of them to be found upon the shelves of the booksellers. The poetic pieces interspersed through the narrative, have been translated anew by Miss Landon, more celebrated as L. E. L.; and besides the innumerable errors in the old English edition, which are corrected in this, some notes are added, which add much to the value of the present publication. Among them we find the following notice of what can only be called a direct plagiarism upon the part of Lord Byron, and which, from the popularity of the passage, it is surprising was not detected before. The third paragraph of the fourth chapter of *Corinne* concludes with the following glowing sentence—

“—— the sea, on which man never left his trace. He may plough the earth, and cut his way through mountains, or contract rivers into canals for the transport of his merchandize; but his fleets for a moment furrow the ocean, its waves as instantly efface the slight mark of servitude, and it again appears such as it was on the first day of its creation.”

Byron, in the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*, without acknowledging whence the ideas were borrowed, translated this passage as follows—

“Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the wat’ry plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage * * *

* * * * *
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;
Such as creation’s dawn beheld, thou rollest now.”

See Stanzas 179 and 182,

The Professional Years of John Henry Hobart, D. D.—By John Mc Vickar, D. D.—1 vol. N. Y. Episcopal Press.

THE style of Dr. Mc Vickar—one of the most practised writers in this country—would impart a charm to the most barren subject. In the work before us he has happily exercised his pen upon one which must interest wherever the name of the distinguished prelate, whose life he has illustrated, is known. A history of the professional career of Bishop Hobart by no means addresses itself to churchmen exclusively, although they perhaps, of whatever persuasion, may derive the greatest benefit from its perusal. The unfolding of an efficient, high-toned, and most useful character—the memorial of talent and worth struggling with difficulties the most arduous; and, after elevating themselves into a sphere of ceaseless action, sustaining themselves with an unshrinking spirit against every assault, whether from within or without; conveys an invaluable lesson to every member of society who has a character to form or a reputation to uphold. And such is this history of “*The Professional years of Hobart.*”

Of one so zealous it would be impossible to say "that he never had an enemy"—(the worst thing, by the by, that can be said of any man,)—but those who read the memoir of Dr. Mc Vickar, however sharp may have been their prejudices against a character which was uncompromising when it believed itself engaged in the assertion of truth, though they may still differ in their views from the departed prelate, will at least now acknowledge that, in whatever controversies he was engaged—and whatever course of conduct he adopted—the noblest integrity of purpose was ever his operating motive. They too, who, passing over the more genial productions of his mind—his holy teachings as a pastor—have hitherto only known him through the medium of his vigorous polemic writings, and regarded him rather as the energetic champion of a sect than as the obedient soldier of Christ's church at large—cannot but be touched by the gentle and endearing traits of character which are here proved to have shone forth throughout all of his professional career; The softest, kindest, and most winning elements appeared to have entered as largely into the composition of his nature as did those which always command the respect, however they may awaken the hostility, of a distinguished man's contemporaries. In this union indeed—to use the eloquent language of his biographer—"In this union lay the peculiar force and attractiveness of Dr. Hobart's character. It was the lion and the lamb dwelling together: woman's warmth and gentleness—man's energetic will; without the latter he would have been the creature of impulse and the slave of his affections—without the former he would have been the stern ruler, whom all would have feared and none loved. But how beautiful was the combination! while his spirit was as that of the war-horse, that saith among the trumpets, 'Ha! Ha!' his heart was that of the peaceful child, so full of tearful emotions, that a drop would at any time make it to overflow."

We take pleasure in recommending this volume to those of our readers, whether lay or clerical, who are lovers of biography.

* * We have still a number of new works on hand, which shall be duly noticed, but we have already exceeded the limits assigned to this department the present month.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

THE AMERICAN LYCEUM. The Sixth Annual Meeting is to commence in New-York on the 5th of May, and there is a prospect of a larger attendance than usual, and of more varied exercises. There surely is no reason why an anniversary of this kind may not in future prove the source of much gratification, as well as subserve the cause of popular knowledge in the country.

With the extensive correspondence which the American Lyceum maintains, it is easy for them to afford a large amount of information from the popular literary societies as well as of the schools, and the state of education in different states of our Union and several foreign countries. Essays on a variety of interesting subjects have been secured for the ap-

proaching Annual Meeting, and the following questions have been circulated widely among the friends of education in all parts of the country. These paragraphs we copy from the Circular issued by the Executive Committee, to societies from which delegates are invited, as well as to individual friends of their operation.

"Written or verbal communications are invited, concerning the Literary Associations, Schools, the state of Education, and the means of intellectual improvement, in your Town, County, or State.

"The following Questions will be proposed for discussion:

"1. Ought Monitors to be employed in Common Schools?

"2. How should the Bible be used in Common Schools?"

"3. How can popular co-operation be best secured in favour of American Schools?"

"4. What measures should be taken in forming a new settlement, to provide for progressive intellectual improvement?"

"6. By what means may Vocal Music be generally introduced into Common Schools?"

"[A supply of small cabinets of minerals, of 75 or 100 specimens each, is expected from the Pennsylvania Lyceum, for exchange with members of the American Lyceum at its Sixth Annual Meeting.]"

It is probable that some exercises of the Society will be held in the evening, and that some of the Essays will then be read, and perhaps an exhibition made of particular branches of instruction or their results.

One of the most interesting exercises of the American Lyceum, has ever been that of communicating reports from Lyceums, schools of education, from different places and districts in the order of the states; and the numerous societies formed within a few months, in different parts of the Union, as well as the flourishing condition of others, afford reason to anticipate more than usual interest this season.

The New-York City Lyceum, the Brooklyn and Naval Lyceums, all flourishing and most respectable associations, will doubtless, as heretofore, be fully represented on the occasion; and in the reports to be expected from them, our citizens must feel particular interest.

The exercises will be open to the public as usual, and the meetings will probably be held, as heretofore, either in the U. S. District Court room, or in the City Hall.

EAST BOSTON. The elder inhabitants of New-York remember vividly the appearance of Brooklyn forty years ago. Where now is a large population and a rapidly rising city, there were seen green pastures and uncultivated fields. The good people of *Boston*, forty years hence, when they look upon the streets, and houses, and stores, and wharves of *EAST BOSTON*, will tell their children that they can remember when the project of settling this highly-favored spot was thought chimerical and a plan of wild speculation. We are surprised, in examining the improvements now going on—and which are well described in a small pamphlet recently printed—that

"Noddle's Island," as it was somewhat facetiously designated, should have been so long neglected by the enterprising spirit of Yankee capitalists.

To give to the friends of enterprise, both abroad and at home, some idea of the embryo city of East Boston, we reduce from the small pamphlet before us an account of the rapid improvements which have already been made there; and from these may be argued the fulfilment of a prophecy which we unhesitatingly make of its ultimate splendid fortune as a commercial mart, scarcely inferior to the city near which it lies. But, so near is it to the city proper, being separated only by an arm of water which can be crossed in three minutes, that it is now included within the chartered limits of Boston itself. It is an extensive tract of land, of upland and marsh, of about 660 acres independent of the adjoining flats. It now belongs, with the exception of certain parts, which have been sold, to an incorporated company. Subordinate to this are several other companies, whose operations all materially tend to the extension of the place and the acceleration of its prosperity.

A fine wharf has been built (by a company whose capital is five hundred thousand dollars), the sides of which are of solid granite—which comprises a surface of over eight acres. Another company have established a line of Ferry-boats, running from East Boston to one of the largest commercial depôts in the city. The distance across the Ferry is 600 yards, being 120 yards less than the Fulton Ferry at New-York. Connected with this ferry is a fine level road to the smaller Eastern cities of Salem, Portsmouth, &c., and there is now every probability that a rail-road will be constructed whose depôt shall be in East Boston. This, however, we do not regard as absolutely material to its success. Its vicinity to Boston will constitute its security. One important fact has been established by the experience of the late severe winter;—that intercommunication can never be arrested by the obstruction of ice. The boats can ply during the severest cold. The confluence of two rivers at this comparatively narrow spot produces so rapid a current as to prevent the ice from making there, even when the harbor, both above and below, is completely frozen. The *Boston Sugar Refinery* is an establishment of great value there located. Besides these incorporated companies, there are several others with large capitals—such as the *Boyden Malleable Cast Iron and Steel Company*, whose buildings are large and

numerous; the *East Boston Timber Company*; the *Merchants' Marine Railway*; the *Water Power Company*, &c. These factories and establishments of course bring many inhabitants to the place, and, in consequence of the cheapness of houses and living, many mechanics from the city are induced to make it their residence. The population is now, from these causes, rapidly on the increase.

A very splendid Hotel, the property of the East Boston Company, called the

Maverick House, affords to strangers a delightful place of resort during the summer months; and the attractive situations for country houses will be improved by the wealthy residents of Boston. Streets, squares, and avenues have been laid out, upon which, we predict, that in less than forty years as elegant rows of stores and dwelling-houses as those of Brooklyn will be seen, tenanted by as busy, thriving, and constantly increasing a population.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Rev. Wm. Kirby (M. A. F. R. S. &c.) on the Power and Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation of Animals, and in their History, Habits, and Instincts. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea, and Blanchard, 1 vol.

Life and Times of Rienzi, Philadelphia; Carey & Hart. In 1 vol.

The Early Called, the Stoic, and the Landsby of Landsby Hall; 1 vol. Carey, Lea & Blanchard.

The Structure of the Eye, with reference to Natural Theology; 1 vol. 18mo. by Wm. Clay Wallace, Oculist to the New-York Institute for the Blind; Wiley & Long, New-York.

Thomas Dick (L. L. D.) on the Mental Illumination and Moral Improvement of Mankind; or an Inquiry into the means by which a general diffusion of Knowledge and Moral Principle may be promoted. Illustrated with Engravings; 1 vol. Key & Biddle, Philadelphia.

Works announced as being in Press.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson, with a part of his Correspondence never before published, by George Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia; in 2 vols. 8vo.

Dunglison's General Therapeutics, or Principles of Medicinal Administration, with Tables of the chief remedial Agents, and their Preparations, employed in the Treatment of Diseases; in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Heavens, a Popular view of the Celestial Bodies, by Robert Mudie; in 1 vol. 18mo.

Also, *The Earth, The Sea, The Air*, by the same Author.

Flora and Thalia, or Gems of Flowers and Poetry; with twenty-four colored Engravings—bound in embossed Morocco.

The Moral of Flowers—beautifully illustrated.

A Lady's Gift, or Woman as she ought to be; by Mrs. Stanford.

The Young Husband's Book.

Nimrod's Hunting Tours; in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Encyclopædia of Geography; illustrated by upwards of one thousand Cuts and Maps—to be in three volumes super royal 8vo.

My Manual, or Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society, by a Gentleman. Elliotson's *Human Physiology*, with numerous Wood Cuts.

Agnes de Mansfeldt, a Novel, by Grattan; in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Early Called, and other Tales; in 1 vol. 12mo.

Peter Snook, and other Strange Tales; in 2 vols. 12mo.

Tales of our Neighbourhood; in 2 vols. 12mo.

My Aunt Pontypool; in 2 vols. 12mo.

Margaret Ravenscroft, or Second Love; in 2 vols. 12mo.

The Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse.

Didactics—Moral, Philosophical, and Political, by Robert Walsh, Esq; in 2 vols. demi 8vo.